

Kye – Losing It

Rating: NC17

Pairing: Buffy / Faith

Disclaimer: All characters the property of Joss Wheedon and ME etc.

Spoilers: Not really

Dedicated: To all the girls who know what it's like...

Notes: I plan to have a sequel to this one, but when, I'm not sure yet.

Summary: This story is an AU where Faith is the only Slayer, and some of the original characters are MIA. It's still Sunndaydale, and still on the Hellmouth. Faith and Buffy are together, but the blonde isn't quite ready to "lose it"...yet.

Buffy's POV

Once it's gone, that's it. It ain't coming back.

That's what she doesn't understand. I try to tell her that it's not her; that it's not that I don't want to. God knows I do. It's just...it's not something I just want to...lose.

I think you know what I'm talking about by now.

Yep. The big one.

My virginity.

You see, Faith knows that it's something that I have held onto because it means so much to me. She knows that I love her, more than anything. It's just...it's the last part of me that still makes me innocent.

I don't think that "killing demons" makes me any less innocent. Yeah, I didn't believe it at first either.

It all started about three years ago. I noticed that Faith started to...change. She was still the girl that I loved on the inside, but her body started to change. I mean, she was always hot...mmm...but she got hotter. If you can believe it. Her arms started to get more toned, her abs...drool...started to get rock hard and her hands? God, those hands. The strongest, yet smoothest hands I have ever felt. I love her hands.

But, I digress.

She started to get these weird...abilities. It was like she became this...super girl. Ha. That even sounded corny to me. But it all got clear when this lady came around. Evie Hartman. Faith's "Watcher." She told her she is the new "Chosen One" that will protect mankind from the evils of the Hellmouth. The Slayer. In every generation, blah, blah, blah. Whatever that means. Hey, I'm not the jealous kind, I just know when someone is checking out what's

MINE. I know I don't "own" Faith or whatever, just her heart. And she owns mine, completely.

We grew up together here in Sunnydale. Well, that's not entirely accurate. Faith's from Boston. She came to Sunnydale with her Dad when she was five. Her mom died from an overdose and they just couldn't stay there. I don't blame 'em. Anyway, Faith came into my kindergarten class half way through the year. I remember it so well.

I was playing with Willow Rosenberg at the kitchen corner when Faith walked in with her jeans that had the holes in the knees and her favorite black shirt that said "Daddy's Girl" across the front. She still has that shirt.

She came in with her dark, wavy hair and her deep, soulful eyes and I knew that I was hooked. At five years old, I met the person I would spend the rest of my life with. Imagine that. She looked like a lost puppy. She just stared down at her Keds and breathed evenly. She didn't cry when her dad left, but she wouldn't move either. Ms. Johnson tried to get her to play with us, but she just stood there. That's when I walked over and reached for her hand. She slowly looked up and met my eyes. She smiled, I smiled, and the rest is history.

I think I loved her more every year. We were inseparable for the rest of our school years. Except when she got detention. Which was a lot. I couldn't get detention. I couldn't stand to see the disappointment in my mother's eyes. I am Buffy Anne Summers after all. Not Faith Lee Spencer. God! She'd totally kill me if she knew I said that. She hates her name. I think it's the most beautiful name known to man.

We fell in love our freshman year in high school. We didn't give a damn who knew either. We were happy and that's all that mattered. We were kinda scared to tell our parents though. It's not that they're "homophobic" or whatever... we just didn't want it to blow up and have to run away and join the circus. I hate clowns. They're evil.

I went with her when she went to tell her dad. He took it better than we hoped. He said he was glad his little firefly had found love. I think that's so cute. My dad never cared enough to give me a nickname. To hell with him. Faith was ecstatic that Mr. Spencer (Brent) took it so well. She kissed me right in front of him and my cheeks turned red. Faith just flashed me her shit-eating grin and her dad chuckled and slapped her on the back with a "that's my girl" sigh.

Faith was with me when I told mom. I couldn't have done it without her. She held my hand the whole time and stroked it soothingly as I poured my heart out. I loved her more for that. Mom took it well. She said she was happy I found someone to love that loved me. Secretly, she was relieved it wasn't a guy. She didn't want me making any "rash decisions" that I would regret later.

Which brings us back to the original problem.

I know Faith isn't a virgin. She apologizes to me every time I bring it up. I swear I don't do it to make her feel bad. I'm just trying to make my point.

We had just had the biggest fight of our relationship. It was right before senior prom. Todd Jenkins asked me and I told him that I couldn't go because I was with Faith. I mean, I thought the whole school knew it. You would think after four years, but I guess not. Anyway, I let him

down easy with a light smile to show him there were no hard feelings. I guess he took it the wrong way. He just leaned down and grabbed my shoulders, planting this sloppy, disgusting kiss square on my lips. I thought I was gonna puke. Of course, Faith was just coming down the hall to walk me to lunch. She saw the whole thing, and of course, she took it the wrong way.

Faith came running down the hall and punched Todd square in the jaw. She had just gotten her Slayer powers and it put him in a coma for a week. She turned to me with the most heartbreaking look I've ever seen. She started to cry angry tears and she shouted at me right there in the middle of the hall. She kept saying, "I thought you loved me! How could you do this to me?! A guy?! What the fuck, B?!"

The whole school heard it. Hell, I think Nevada heard it. I tried to tell her it was a misunderstanding, but she wouldn't listen. She just stormed off and I didn't see her again until the day of the prom, two days later.

She showed up on my doorstep, soaking wet, shivering and crying. I started to cry too as I took her in my arms and led her up the stairs into my room. I held her on the bed while she sobbed into my neck. My girl was a mess. She cried for two hours straight. She kept telling me how sorry she was and that she didn't deserve my love anymore.

Apparently, she had gone to Eric Freemont's party the night that we had the fight. She got drunk and came onto the first thing she saw, which happened to be Eric. Eric being the low-down scuz ball that he is, led her upstairs and took a part of her that she could never get back, a part of her she told me she wanted me to have, forever.

I forgave her. I had too. I love her too much.

Eric liked to rub it in my face that he took Faith's virginity. "The Dyke Deflowerer" That's what he told all his friends. That he was so good, not even a lesbian could turn it down. He liked to taunt me until I cried like a baby. God, that hurt. It still does, but I'll never tell her that.

It's in the past, and the past doesn't matter.

I love Faith with every ounce of my being and I couldn't give that part of myself to anyone else. I'm just not ready to, yet.

I wish she could look into my heart and see that. I'm only eighteen. It's a big decision and I don't think I can make it right now.

I love her more than anything, and when it happens, I want it to be because we both want it to. I want it to be a night that we will remember forever, and I will.

When we both want it.

Faith's POV

Man, I love this slaying shit! I swear it gets better every night. These have to be the dumbest fucking vamps I've ever fought. It's like they just keep running into my stake.

Four down and the last one is looking piss-scared.

"Too late to be scared now, suck-boy. I'm gonna send your undead ass back to hell."

I flip over the headstone with ease and bring the stake down hard into his chest.

Instant dust.

I brush my pants off with a sigh and stick the stake back into my jacket. I give the graveyard one last look over and smile in satisfaction.

Damn, I'm good.

I can't wait to see my girl. She's probably studying or something. Always the busy B. Mrs. Summers says I can come over after patrol, but I have to be out of the house before one. She has been real cool about this whole "Slayer" deal. My dad has too. He worries about me, but he understands. I think it's cause he knows I can kick his ass now. Not that I ever would, I love the big guy. Never thought I'd ever put those words together in the same sentence.

I gotta pull my jacket around me. It's getting piss cold out here. I hope Buffy is keeping warm in her sushi pajamas. I gotta smile every time I think about her. She just makes me so...hot.

Damn! Not this horny shit again!

It happens after every patrol. It's the ONE and ONLY down side to slaying. Especially when my girl don't wanna give it up. I can't push her to though, and I won't. I know I fucked up big time way back when. I couldn't believe she forgave me so easily. I don't wanna make her do something she doesn't want to. I just want her so bad. She's my Goddess. I want to worship her, over and over and over and over again.

I love her. I love her so much sometimes; I can't breathe if she isn't near me. I crave her like a dying man craves salvation. She's my addiction, and if I'm lucky, I just might OD.

She's watching TV when I climb up onto the tree beside her window. Mrs. Summers tells me to just use the front door, but this is way more romantic. I'm working on my girlfriend points.

I always bring her a red rose. Every night after patrol, I stop by Sunny Farms and pick a rose from the bush out front. I tuck it in my inside jacket pocket just so I can surprise her, even though she knows it's coming.

I lean into the window and tap it lightly. B looks over and smiles when she meets my eyes. All these years and she still takes my breath away.

She unwraps herself from the blankets and pads over to the window in sushi pajamas and bare feet. Damn, she is the sexiest woman alive.

Buffy lifts the window and leans out to give me one of her soft kisses. The ones that make my heart stop beating.

When she pulls away, her eyes fall to the front of my jacket, awaiting her surprise. I just smile and play it off as I push my way into the room.

“Looking for something?”

B shakes her head and smiles that beautiful smile. Her nose crinkles as she leans into me and wraps her arms around my waist.

“Just glad the woman I love is here with me. Where she belongs.”

There she goes again. She always says something that makes my heart melt and my knees go weak. Just when I think I couldn’t love her more, she goes and does it.

I smile down at her and slip my left hand into my jacket. She smiles. I smile and pull the rose out. She reaches up and takes it. She looks like she is gonna cry. I lift my hand and wipe my thumb across her cheek.

“Please don’t cry baby. I hate when you cry. I just wanted you to know I love you, that’s all.”

Buffy nods her head and leans in to kiss me just below my ear. Like she always does.

A kiss for a rose.

She pulls away from me and I instantly miss her warmth. She walks over and places the rose in the vase beside her bed. She takes the one out from last night and puts it in the top drawer with the other thousand. She slides the drawer shut with a jolt of her hip and she turns to face me with a smirk and those eyes.

She lifts her hand and points her finger at me before curling it into a “come here” motion. I smile and slowly creep up to her. She runs her hands up my arms and onto my shoulders. They slip beneath the material and my jacket hits the floor with a thud. She smiles and runs her hands back down my arms. I’m wearing the long sleeve, blue button- up silk shirt she gave me for my birthday. It was cold tonight and she wouldn’t let me go out with just my tank, so we compromised. I got to keep my leather pants and jacket, but I had to put on the shirt. So I did. She thinks I did it to keep an argument down, but I did it for her. I could never deny her anything.

Her pink tongue slips from her lips and runs over them in a slow stroke as she trails her hands down my arms, over my hands and rests them on my sides just above my hips.

This is the BEST part of slaying.

I get to make out with Buffy afterwards.

She gives my hips a light tug and I reposition myself so she can fall back on the bed and pull me down on top of her.

We fall onto her soft bed with a whoosh of air. She smiles up at me and I smile back. That's how we communicate most of the time. It's all we need.

Buffy eases her hands into my hair and pulls my lips down to meet hers. My world crumbles all over again. Every time I kiss her, it's like that first time we kissed in my tree house when we had that party on the Fourth of July. I bet she doesn't think I remember that, but how could I forget? It was the night my life changed forever.

I feel her tongue pressing into my lips softly and I open my mouth to bring her inside me. It's the only way I can...for now. It's the most intimate thing we share, and I love kissing her. She has the softest, most gentle tongue. Her mouth is always warm and inviting. She kisses me like she loves me.

I feel my thigh instinctively pressing hers apart. My whole body is humming and I can't stop it. She makes me insane. She fuels my desire beyond reason. I didn't know I could feel like this.

Buffy moans into my mouth and for a split second, I think that maybe this is it. I'm finally gonna get to show her how much I love her...

Second's over.

"Faith. Faith, wait."

Buffy's hand is pushing against my stomach and all my hopes go right down the crapper. I break away from her and lift myself from her body slightly. She is looking up at me with those deep, green eyes. I can see the fear in them. She is afraid I'm gonna be pissed, and as much as I want her...I love her more. I would never make her do something she doesn't want to. I could...would...never hurt her like that.

"I know baby. I'm sorry."

Buffy shakes her head.

"No, baby. I'm sorry. I love you more than life, and I want to. I do. I just don't want it to be because "you had a good slay and now you want a good lay." I want it to mean something, to both of us."

There she goes again. Making me love her even more, if that is humanly possible.

I nod my head and smile.

"I know B. I want that, too."

Ain't I a regular Shakespeare.

She says all that beautiful heart-felt stuff, and I give her this. Oh yeah, I'm a prince.

Buffy looks like she's gonna cry again. I bury my face in her neck and take in the sweet smell of her hair. She strokes my back idly and we just lay there here in each other's arms. Minutes go by before she speaks.

"Faith? I want you to know that I..."

I lift my head from her neck and silence her with a gentle finger. I nod my head and give her my softest smile.

"I know, Buffy. I want it to be special, too. I love you, baby."

A tear slips from her eye and she smiles.

"God, Faith. I don't know what I did to deserve you."

My eyes widen. I lean my head back and smile in disbelief.

"What YOU did to deserve Me? Buffy, I'm the lucky one. Never in a million years did I think someone like you would love someone like me. Don't you know you're my Angel?"

Another tear slips from her eye...and then another. She gets choked up right before she lets out a little sob.

"Oh, Faith. I love you so much."

She pulls me into a passionate kiss. I can taste her salty tears as they run down over our lips. Her tongue is massaging mine with abandon. Her hands are stroking my back through my shirt, and I love the soft feel of the silk against my skin.

We finally pull apart when oxygen becomes an issue. We just gaze into each other's eyes, panting wildly. I have to swallow to catch my breath and Buffy exhales against the exposed skin of my chest.

It sets me ablaze.

I start to pull away from her, before I start something I won't be able to stop.

"I gotta go, B."

She starts to panic and reaches up to grab me by the hips.

"No, Faith. It's not even midnight yet. Please, don't leave me."

Fuck.

She's looking at me with them pleading eyes and that damn irresistible pout.

I sigh and lay back on top of her. I look down into her eyes and smile as I idly trace her jaw line with my right index finger.

“Okay, but we gotta stop this. I’m startin’ to get very...wet.”

I say that last word with a smirk and raise my eyebrow suggestively. I hear Buffy take a light intake of breath.

I guess I shocked her with that one.

Buffy looks back up into my eyes for a moment and then she bites her lip in thought.

“Faith?”

“Yeah, baby?”

Buffy shifts beneath me lightly and runs her hand down my arm to come to a rest on my right hand. I lean onto my left elbow so she can pull my hand to her. She places a soft kiss on each finger and then meets my eyes once again.

“Could you settle for a preview instead of the whole movie for now?”

I look back at her kinda puzzled. She gets this real...sneaky look on her face as she starts to pull my hand down. She brings it to rest on the top of her stomach where her pajama top meets the waistband of her pajama bottoms. She keeps her hand on top of mine as she waits for me to catch on.

Ahhh....Preview.

I start to get real nervous and suddenly my throat feels like the Sahara.

I swallow hard and look at her with uncertainty.

“Are you sure? I mean, do you really...want to?”

Buffy just nods as she starts to slide my hand under her pajama top.

Every nerve cell in my body springs to life and the blood rushes straight to my groin when I feel her silky soft skin beneath my hand. I let out a very audible moan. I close my eyes as I feel my hand nearing the perfect swell of flesh.

“Buffy...”

Buffy moans when my hand comes into contact with her breast. I manage to force my eyes open to look down and see that she now has hers tightly shut.

I have never felt anything more amazing than this. If I could freeze time, I would stay in this moment forever.

I feel Buffy’s hand start to massage mine and I catch on a lot quicker this time.

I may be stupid, but I ain’t fucking stupid.

Kye – Losing It

I start to massage Buffy's breast and her hand leaves mine and comes out of her shirt to rest above her head. She starts to moan with every squeeze.

It gets too much for me and I close my eyes and bury my face in her neck. Her hands come up to tightly entwine in my hair and I let out a groan.

I turn my head and lick the side of her throat in a long delicate motion.

Buffy gasps and starts to move her hips against mine.

My clit twitches. A lot.

I push myself on top of her and start to run my left hand down over her torso to the waistband of her pajamas. Before I can stop myself, my hand slips beneath it and my fingers come into contact with the soft cotton of her panties.

I moan again.

It's like I'm running on auto as I start to rub her pussy over her panties. I can feel how hot she is, and how wet.

Buffy groans and her right hand slips from my hair and to the top button of my shirt. She starts to pull it free...

...when the door opens.

We both instantly turn our heads and meet the outline of Mrs. Summers standing in the light of the hallway.

I suddenly feel like the kid that got caught with one hand down his pants and the other down Buffy's.

Which it was.

Mrs. Summers clears her throat and folds her arms across her chest.

"Girls? Is there something you want to tell me?"

I look down at Buffy. She has this horrified look on her face as she stares over at her mom.

Something tells me the shit just hit the fan.

Buffy's POV

This is not good.

This is soooo not good.

Faith hasn't taken her hand out of my pants yet. Not helping.

I try to regain my composure as best I can. I take a deep breath and turn my head to look up at Faith.

"Baby?"

Faith turns her head and looks down at me in an instant.

I smile nervously.

"Ah, I think you should take your hand out of my pants now."

Faith's eyes widen and she withdraws her hand instantly. She pulls her hand out of my shirt and lifts herself off of me. She stands beside the bed and stares down at her boots as I try to straighten my clothes. I take a deep breath and stand up next to her.

Mom clears her throat and I look over at her.

"Buffy. Kitchen. Now."

Oh...crap.

Mom turns and walks away. Faith looks up at me with this terrified look on her face. It almost looks like she's gonna cry.

Almost.

"God, Buffy! I am so, so sorry. I didn't mean for you to get in trouble."

She reaches out and takes my hand. I'm about to open my mouth to tell her it's gonna be okay when something else dawns on her and her eyes widen again.

"Oh shit! Your mom is gonna tell my dad and he's gonna rip me a new one. God! I'm in the deepest of shit."

I grab her hand firmly and look directly into her eyes.

"Faith?"

She meets my eyes and calms a little.

"It's gonna be okay. We'll get through this together. Just like we always do. Besides, it's not like we did anything wrong."

"Buffy Anne Summers!"

I wince as mom's voice echoes up the stairs. She never yells unless she's really mad.

I take a deep breath and Faith mirrors my actions. I take her hand and squeeze it tightly as I start to lead her out of my room and down the stairs.

Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Mom's standing by the island we when walk into the kitchen. She gives me this death glare and I drop Faith's hand like it scorched me. She looks over at me and rolls her eyes.

"Faith?"

My mom says her name with an icy chill. It almost looks like Faith shudders.

"Ye...yes Mrs. Summers?"

Mom turns her head to the side and locks eyes with her.

"I would like you to stay for this. I want you to hear what I have to say."

Uh...oh.

Faith nods her head and swallows. She stands there with her hands against her sides, not daring to move.

"Buffy?"

I look at my mom and take in a breath.

"Yes, ma'am?"

She points to the stool in front of her.

"Sit."

I drop down onto it in an instant.

Mom takes a deep breath and closes her eyes and opens them again.

"Are you having sex?"

My eyes widen a little and I have to blink back my surprise. I didn't expect her to be so forward. I shake my head as best I can.

"No ma'am."

Mom leans forward over the island. She looks me in the eyes and the anger I was saw there has turned into compassion.

Kye – Losing It

“Please don’t lie to me Buffy. This is a big step in your life and even though it is not sex with a boy, there are still risks.”

Okay. Wow again.

I shake my head again and try to sound as honest as I can. It is the truth.

“Mom, I swear to you, Faith and I are not having sex. What you walked in on, well, I don’t really know what that was...but, it most definitely WAS NOT sex.”

I see mom smile, but just a little.

She lets out a deep breath.

“I believe you.”

I smile back. I love my mom. She’s so...my mom.

“Thank you mom. I can’t tell you how much that means to me.”

We both hear a cough. We turn to stare at Faith.

She gets this horrified look on her face, like she just broke the vase or something.

“I’m sorry. I had a ah...frog in my throat.”

Mom’s smile fades and she meets Faith’s eyes.

“Faith. I didn’t call your father. I wanted to hear you girls’ side of the story first, but I want you to know that what happened tonight...won’t happen again.”

Well, that didn’t sound too good.

Faith shakes her head.

“No, Mrs. Summers. It won’t.”

Mom smiles.

“Good. I’m glad we agree.”

She leans back against the sink and gives us each a look.

“Now, lets talk about sex.”

Faith’s POV

I gotta do a double take on that one.

I could swear I just heard Mrs. S say that she wants to talk to B and me about sex. I look over at Buffy and she looks back at me. I raise my eyebrow and she just shrugs a little.

Mrs. S clears her throat for like the 100th time tonight.

“Buffy? Faith?”

We turn our heads in sync to look at her.

“Please, take a seat on the couch in the living room. I’ll be there in a second.”

Oh...fuck me.

That can not be any kind of good.

Buffy nods in a trance and stands up. She walks the short distance to me and takes my hand. I follow her into the living room silently.

We sit down on the couch, leaving a little room between us.

We ain’t gonna risk it tonight.

Buffy drops my hand and places hers in her lap. I place mine on my thighs, and we wait.

A few seconds later, Mrs. S walks into the living room. She slowly walks over and pulls the coffee table up real close to the couch. She sits down, folds her hands and places them in her lap.

Fuck.

My heart is nearly beatin’ outta my chest. My Slayer hearing picks up the sound of Buffy’s too.

Even our hearts beat in the same rhythm.

I smile.

I really love my baby.

“I know that you are a mature young woman now.”

Buffy’s mom turns her head and looks at me.

“Both of you.”

I swallow hard and nod.

I’m piss scared.

She turns her head and locks her eyes with Buffy again.

“I know that with womanhood comes...needs.”

Ah, fuck. It’s one of those talks.

I try not to groan in frustration.

I’m already knee deep in shit. I ain’t gonna make it worse.

Buffy opens her mouth to speak, but is stopped when her mom raises her hand.

“Just let me finish.”

B kinda sinks back a little.

“Buffy, I know that you are in love with Faith. I think that is wonderful, but...sex...sex is not something you just...jump into. There are consequences to all our actions and like I said before, I know that Faith is not a boy, and I know there is no risk of unwanted pregnancies, or “unsafe” sex...to an extent.”

Oh. My. God.

I musta got some vamp dust in my ears.

There ain’t no way these words are coming out of Joyce Summers’ mouth.

“Buffy, lesbian sex has it’s risks also.”

I start to cough uncontrollably. I think my heart just jumped into my throat.

I can’t fucking believe she just said that.

Buffy looks over at me and places a gentle hand on my back.

“Faith? You okay baby? Need some water?”

I shake my head and wave my hand at her.

“N...no. I’m...I’m good. I think I just sucked in too much air.”

Buffy studies me for a few more seconds before turning back to her mom.

“Mom, believe me when I say that I am not having sex of any kind. I am well aware of the risks of...lesbian sex. I’ve been reading up on it on the internet.”

Oh, God B. Why’d ya haf to go and say that?

Mrs. Summers’ eyes get real big and she sits back a little. She folds her arms across her chest.

“Really?”

Buffy suddenly catches her mistake and her eyes get as wide as saucers.

“Ah...no...I mean...yes. I mean...it’s not what...you think. I was talking to Willow about it the other day and she was telling me what her and Kennedy have been...”

She catches herself suddenly.

I just close my eyes and hang my hand.

This night couldn’t get any worse.

Yeah. Right.

Mrs. Summers stands up and looks down at Buffy.

“Buffy, I think you should say goodnight to Faith. I’ll be waiting for you in your room.”

Then she turns to me.

“I am going upstairs to call your father. I think he has a right to know about tonight and hopefully he will talk to you as well. Goodnight.”

Then she turns and vanishes up the stairs.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I knew my over active groin was gonna get me in trouble one of these days. Atleast I ain’t gotta face Joyce.

Buffy stands up and pulls me up with her. She looks me in the eyes and tries to force a smile. I nod at her and release a deep breath.

“I know B. Just remember...”

I reach down and take her hands in mine.

“We’re in this together.”

The smile forces its way onto her face.

“Thanks Faith. I really needed to hear that. I love you.”

I return the smile and lift my hand to brush a stray strand of gold from her eye.

“I love you too.”

We lean into each other and share a chaste kiss.

I pull away and take a deep breath.

“Call me when it’s over okay?”

She nods.

“If we’re still breathing, I’ll come by tomorrow and we can spend the day together. Would you like that?”

She smiles and nods again. I lean forward and kiss her forehead.

“I’ll see you tomorrow baby. Love you.”

She pulls me into a hug before walking me to the door. We share one last good-bye kiss and she gently closes the door. I’m suddenly aware that my jacket is still on Buffy’s bedroom floor, but I ain’t about to go get it.

I kinda like breathing.

I just wrap my arms around myself and head home.

Buffy’s POV

I walk into my room just in time to see my mom hanging up the phone. I guess she really did call Mr. Spencer. I hope he’s not too hard on Faith. We didn’t do anything.

So why do I feel like I just got caught with my hand in the cookie jar?

Mom looks over at me and pats the bed beside her.

“Come and sit Buffy.”

I walk over hesitantly and sit next to her. I place my hands nervously on the bed beside me and I fix my eyes onto the floor.

I hear mom let out a deep breath.

“When you told me that you were in love with Faith, I admit that I was a little shocked and I may have been less than...supportive, but I want you to know that it didn’t change the fact that I love you.”

I look up to see that mom is staring straight ahead of her.

“I was a little worried about what the other kids might say or do to you that may hurt you very deeply and I think that is why I was a little less than approving...at first.”

She turns to look at me and I can see the tears starting to form behind her eyes.

“But once I saw how much you love Faith and how much she loves you, I knew that it wouldn’t matter what everyone else said or did. Because it didn’t matter to you. I respect you more than you know for being strong enough to fight for what and who you love.”

I think I'm gonna cry now.

Mom reaches over and takes my hand and brings it into her lap. She lightly runs her thumb over the back of it as she looks me in the eyes.

"Buffy, I am so proud of you for not being afraid to be who you are. That is what every parent wants for their child, to be loved and to be happy. I can see that Faith does that for you. I just want you to know that even though you may think you're ready...sex is a big step and it changes everything."

I choke back the sob in my throat and place my other hand over hers. I smile through my tears.

"I know mom. That's why I've been doing some research on it and that's why I asked Willow what exactly it's about. I know how major it is and so does Faith. Mom, she has been so respectful and so understanding...and she hasn't pressured me at all. But, I think that I may be ready sooner than I thought."

Mom returns my smile and lets out a breath.

"I know it's scary. I remember the first time I..."

I turn my head away and raise my hand.

"Mom, if you finish that sentence, you won't have to worry about me having sex...ever."

Mom just laughs and shakes her head. I turn my head and smile at her.

"No, Buffy. This isn't a "sex" story. I was just going to tell you about the first time I got...those feelings."

My smile widens.

"Joyce Elisabeth Summers."

She shakes her head.

"I was young once too."

She looks off into the distance as if remembering.

"Young and very horny."

That was wrong on so many levels.

I let out a groan and fall back onto the bed, pulling Mr. Gordo over my face.

Mom laughs and slaps me on the knee.

"Just kidding dear. I think I'll save that one for Dawn."

Good. The little snail trout is long over due.

I hear footsteps as mom walks to the door.

“Buffy?”

I pull Mr. Gordo off my face and turn my head to look at her.

“Whenever you feel that you are 100% ready, I would appreciate you coming to me so we can discuss it before you decide. Okay?”

I smile and nod.

“Okay mom.”

She puts her finger on her nose and smiles.

“Love you Buffy Bear.”

I put my finger on my nose and smile.

“Love you too Mom. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Mom leaves closing the door gently behind her.

I sigh out and put Mr. Gordo on my chest. I look up at him and start to play with his ears as my mind wanders to earlier tonight and Faith’s hand on my breast. That felt really good.

But not as good as her hand on my pussy.

I feel it ache a little at the memory, but I would never, you know...touch down there. I never have. I want Faith to be to the first.

Sappy? Stupid?

Maybe.

I guess that’s what love does to you.

I suddenly wonder how Faith is doing and what her dad is saying to her. I wonder if I should call her or if I should wait?

I turn my head and stare at the phone.

I feel my eyelids start to get heavy and before I know it, I’m fast asleep.

Faith's POV

My Dad is sittin at the kitchen table when I walk through the door.

I lock eyes with him for a second and I see that he ain't too happy.

I let out a deep sigh and place my key on the hook by the door. I walk into the kitchen which is directly across from the front door and I pull out the chair across from where he is sitting.

I sit down real slow like and fold my hands. I lean over the table a little and place my feet on the bottom bars of the chair.

I might as well be relaxed. I'm guessin I'm gonna be here a while.

I look up and let out a breath. I'm about to open my mouth to speak when my father's dark brown eyes lock onto mine and suddenly, I'm speechless.

He takes a deep breath and folds his hands on the table, mirroring mine. He clears his throat and readjusts in his chair.

"I received an interesting phone call. It was Mrs. Summers and do you know what she had to tell me?"

I start to answer, but he cuts me off again.

"She told me that she walked in on my daughter..."

He looks up at me with this cold stare that chills me to the fuckin bone.

"That would be you."

He averts his eyes back to the table.

"...and her daughter...that would be Buffy...commencing in..."

He looks up at the ceiling like he's thinkin'.

"What did she call it? Oh, yes."

He looks into my eyes. I almost hear him growl.

"Sexual contact. You wanna explain that one?"

Damn. Shit. Fuck.

And all those words.

He knows I'm nervous because I start to itch my right bicep. Which just happens to be where I got my tattoo last year. That was the only other time he had a talk with me like this. Just for

the record, that one ended with me not being able to see Buffy for 2 weeks. There really wasn't anything else I couldn't live without. It nearly killed me.

I don't think I can live through it again, so I better choose my words wisely.

"Well, we weren't doing anything sexual really."

He tilts his head down a little and closes his eyes.

"Faith, please don't lie to me."

I stop scratching my arm and let out a breath.

"I'm not Dad, honest. Me and Buffy weren't like...fucking or anything..."

His head suddenly jerks up.

Oops. Guess I picked the wrong word.

His nostrils start to flair and his right eye starts to twitch.

"What...did...you...just...say?"

Oh fuck. Oh double fuck.

I'm scratching my arm so hard, I think it's starting to bleed.

"That's not what I meant to say. We weren't doing anything sexual or even remotely sexual. I had just got back from patrol and I was feeling good. I guess Buffy was too and we just...got carried away."

The anger is gone from his face now. I think he looks kinda...scared?

He takes another deep breath and runs his hand down his face.

"Faith, I wouldn't call having your hand down Buffy's pants...getting carried away."

My eyes widen.

I can't believe Mrs. S said that.

He drops his hands on the table and leans all the way back in his chair. He looks so tired these days. He works way too hard.

"Dad? I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean to upset you. I just...love her."

I see something flash across his face for an instant. A memory maybe? And he smiles faintly.

"I know you do Faith. That's why this is so important. Joyce agrees with me that this is something you girls should really think about before you decide to express that love physically. There are risks here Faith. You realize that right?"

Oh God.

Round two.

I sigh and slump back in my chair. I place my head on the back and stare up at the ceiling.

“Yeah, Dad. I know.”

He clears his throat again and starts to stand up.

“Well, good. But I still have something I would like you to have.”

I take my head off the back and sit up. I watch as he walks over to his jacket hanging on the rack and pulls a package from the pocket.

He carries it back into the kitchen and places it in front of me.

I can’t help but smile.

I pick the package up in my hand and turn it over before I look up at him.

“Condoms?”

He just nods.

“Ah, Dad? You know I don’t have a...”

He puts his hand up to silence me.

“I know you don’t Faith. But I do know of the certain item that you keep in the bottom drawer of your dresser.”

My eyes really widen now.

“You...you went through my sh...stuff?”

He shakes his head and folds his arms over his chest.

“Of course not. I went in there this morning after you left for class. You left the light on in your bathroom and I went to shut it off. The drawer was ajar and I went to close it when I saw the leather strap sticking out of the top. I know I shouldn’t have, but I was intrigued so I opened it wider and that’s when I saw it.”

Great. Just fuckin’ dandy.

My Dad knows I keep a strap-on dick in my bottom drawer for when Buffy is ready to give it up to me.

And the award for the shittiest luck goes to....yep, ME.

I sigh and put my hands over my face.

How the hell am I gonna explain this one?

“Dad, I...”

I suddenly stop when I feel his hand on my shoulder. I take my hands off my face and look up to meet his gentle smile. He nods.

“I know Faith. I was young once too, and in love. Buffy’s a real lucky girl.”

I smile back and shake my head.

“No way. I’m the lucky one. I just want her to know that it means something to me to, ya know?”

Dad just nods and smiles. He leans down and places a kiss on the top of my head.

“Yep, I know. Night, firefly.”

“Night Dad.”

He starts to turn and head up the stairs, when I hear his footsteps suddenly stop. I turn my head around to look at him.

“Faith? Promise me you’ll come to me before you make any decisions okay?”

I nod.

“You got it.”

We share one last smile and I hear him continue up the stairs and then his bedroom door shuts.

I let out a deep breath. I close my eyes and lay my head down on the table. My nose comes into direct contact with my left hand and suddenly my senses are overwhelmed with the sweet smell of Buffy’s pussy.

I put my fingers to my nose and inhale really deep.

Fuck.

She smells good enough to eat.

I groan at my own thought.

She makes me want her so bad, but she won’t...

...have physical sex with me.

Kye – Losing It

A thought suddenly occurs to me.

She said she wasn't ready to have sex with me...she never said she wouldn't have phone sex with me.

Oh...the fuckin possibilities.

Damn. I'm on a roll tonight.

I snatch the condoms from the table and smile to myself.

I leap out of my chair and I make a B-line for my room...and my phone.

I'm gonna give B a taste of what she's missin'.

Then maybe she'll give me a taste of what I'm missin'.

Buffy's POV

I'm jolted awake by the sound of the ringing phone.

Somehow Mr. Gordo ended up face down in my crotch.

Yeah, I'd like to have to explain that one to mom.

I look over at the alarm clock by my bed and see that it's nearly 2 AM. Who would be calling at this hour?

I groggily reach over and pick up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hey, baby. Did I wake you?"

It's Faith.

YAY!

I try to play off my excitement.

"Yeah, but I wasn't having a good dream, so, it's okay."

I hear her chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

"You are such a liar."

I get out of bed and got to turn off the light. I stop to light the incense on my dresser and light the two candles next to my mirror.

“I am not a liar. Why am I a liar?”

She breathes deeply into the phone and I stop in mid stride as a chill runs down my spine.

“Because I know you were having a dream, and I know I was in it.”

I close my eyes and crack my neck to rid my body of the stiffness.

I laugh a sweet little laugh, I know Faith loves when I do, and I climb back onto my bed. I rest my back against my fluffy pink pillow against the headboard and I pull Mr. Gordo up next to me.

“Faith, I was not.”

I hear her sigh.

“What’s wrong?”

“Oh nothing. Just that my girlfriend is in my dreams every night and she doesn’t even dream about me once.”

I smile. I start to play with the edge of my comforter.

“I do dream about you silly. Just not tonight.”

I hear Faith let out another deep breath into the phone. Chill #2.

“What kind of dream?” she asks in a deep, husky voice.

I swallow hard and my toes curl.

“Ah...you know...regular ones.”

I hear a shifting noise on the other end of the line.

“Faith? Are you in bed?”

She smirks. I can’t see her, but I know she does.

“Oh, baby. I love it when you talk dirty.”

I laugh that sweet little laugh.

“Faith, you dork.”

She’s pouting now.

“I’m a dork? You think I’m a dork?”

I shake my head, even though I know she can't see it.

“NO! No, baby. I don't think you're a dork I think you're...”

“Horny?” she finishes for me.

I smirk this time.

“I don't know. Are you?”

I hear her groan.

“You fuckin' A I am,” she whispers just loud enough for me to hear.

I didn't expect that one. My eyes widen. I don't think she meant to say it that loud.

“Ah...you...you are?”

I hear her moan.

“Always. But only for you.”

She says it in that really deep voice again, and my I get goose bumps all up and down my skin. I suddenly don't know what to say. I just sit there.

“Buffy? Buffy?”

It takes me a while to realize Faith is calling my name. I shake my head.

“Yeah. I'm still here.”

I hear let out another deep breath.

“Baby? Do you think you could do something for me?”

“Anything for you.”

She's silent for a minute and then I hear her moan again.

“Would you...”

I smile and sigh out.

“Just ask me Faith.”

“Wouldyoutouchyourselfforme?”

She says it in such a rush I don't think my brain has time to fully comprehend it because I find myself a little confused, yet, strangely...aroused.

“Wh..huh?”

I hear her start to get nervous.

“Forget it. I’m sorry I said anything. I’ll let you get back to sleep.”

My eyes get wide.

“NO!”

I hear a light gasp on the other end. I guess I surprised her. I kinda surprised myself. I feel my cheeks starting to get a little red from the embarrassment. I can’t believe I’m about to do this. I guess all that stuff about Faith being the first one to touch...it...just flew right out the window. But, I guess, technically, it is like she will be touching me.

God. I feel it start to ache again just from the thought of Faith’s hands on me. She makes me so aroused, I almost feel ashamed.

“Okay,” I said into the phone in the tiniest voice.

I can just see her eyes get wide and I hear a light gasp in my ear.

“You sure B? I mean, I don’t wanna push you to do something you ain’t ready for.”

I shake my head and slouch down a little.

“No. I want to. I want you to know how much I love you and if this is the only way for now...then I want to.”

I hear her sigh out and I know she’s smiling.

“I love you too baby. So much.”

I smile and settle back. I just sit here waiting.

“Um, Faith?”

“Yeah, baby?”

I start to blush again. I don’t know if I can do this.

“You...you’re gonna have to tell me how...to do it. I’ve never...before, and I want you to enjoy it too. I wanna do it right for you.”

I hear her let out a really deep groan.

“Ah, fuck Buffy. I think I just creamed my jeans.”

I crinkle my nose and laugh.

“That’s disgusting baby. I didn’t think girls could “cream” anything.”

“God, Buffy. You really never jerked yourself off, have you?”

I feel like I just walked into class naked and everyone is staring at me and I don’t know why.

“No.”

I hear her chuckle. I am so gonna hear it.

“Damn, baby. I don’t know how you can stand it. All that built up...Unhhhh...and no release. Fuck, I’d spontaneously combusted.”

“Not everyone is as horny as you Faith.”

That came out way more harsh than I intended.

“Sorry, Buffy. I guess I’m just fucked up like that.”

Good job Buffy. You just offended the one person that means the most to you.

I sigh out and start to stroke Mr. Gordo’s head.

“I’m sorry, baby. I didn’t mean it. I’m just scared.”

“About what?”

Her voice instantly changes from upset to concerned. She’s so considerate.

“I don’t want to disappoint you. I want to do it...right.”

“Aw, baby. You could never disappoint me. If we never had any kind of sex, I’d still love you till death do us part.”

I think I’m gonna cry. That is the sweetest thing she has ever said to me.

“That’s the sweetest thing you ever said to me Faith, and I love you that much too.”

She laughs her nervous little laugh. I can just picture her scratching her tattoo.

“It’s nothing baby. It’s just how I feel, you know, straight from the heart and all that shit.”

Leave it to Faith to throw in a four-letter word to the most romantic thing she’s ever said. But that’s her and I wouldn’t have her any other way.

“Faith?”

“Yeah?”

I can’t believe I’m gonna say this, but I close my eyes, and leap.

“I want you to make me wet.”

I think she had a heart attack. I hear the sound of the phone falling onto the floor followed by a thud. Then I hear her scrambling to pick it up.

“Buffy! You still there?!”

I smile and shake my head.

“Yeah, I’m still here. Did you fall?”

I hear her let out another breath and struggle to regain herself.

“God, baby. I think you gave me a heart attack. Where’d you learn to talk like that?”

I blush even harder. I don’t know if I should tell her this, but I do.

“I...I kinda borrowed one of Will and Kenn’s...tapes...and one of the girls on there said it to her lover right before she...”

I can’t say it.

“Fucked her?”

But she can.

I nod my head and feel my cheeks start to burn with embarrassment.

“Yeah. Are you mad?”

I hear her scoff.

“Fuck no B! I think that’s fuckin’ hot. I can’t believe you watched porn for me.”

“I did.”

Her voice gets real low again.

“Well, maybe some day we can make our own.”

I moan into the receiver and I hear her chuckle, but it’s quickly replaced by a moan of her own.

“Where is your hand?” she asks me.

“It’s...it’s on my thigh.”

“Take it and slide it up your stomach real slow.”

I close my eyes and let the sound of her voice guide me. I'm completely at her mercy and I couldn't feel safer. I know my Baby will take care of me, and I'll take care of her. I hope.

"Is it there yet?"

I nod.

"Yeah," I breathe into the phone.

"Slide it under your pajama top and feel how hot your skin is."

I slide my hand under my top and my instantly feel how hot my skin has become. I moan.

"You like that?"

"Mmm...yes."

"Good. Now, slide your hand up to your breast."

I don't hesitate. I slip my hand over the swell of flesh and my nipple hardens when my fingers brush over its peak. My back arches involuntarily and I moan into the receiver again. This time I hear Faith moan too.

"Are you touching it baby?"

I moan and let out a gasp.

"Yessss."

I hear the sounds of dragging material on the other line.

"Faith..."

She breathes heavily into the phone.

"I'm touching my breast too, B. It feels so good. My nipple is so hard for you. Is your's hard for me?"

"God...yes."

"If I were there, I would suck it into my hot mouth. I would swirl my tongue around it gently then suck on it until you beg me to do it harder. Would you like that?"

I feel the moisture starting to build between my legs. This is really turning me on.

"Yes. Oh Faith...I'm getting so wet."

I hear Faith moan louder and take in a ragged breath.

"Take your other hand and slip it under the waistband of your bottoms, but do it slowly."

I try my best to hold the phone between my ear and my shoulder. My body is trembling so much, it's hard to hold it there.

I get it somewhat secure and I put my right hand at the top of my pajama bottoms. My fingertips lightly play with the sensitive skin just below my belly button.

God, it feels good.

“Are you doing it slowly baby?” I hear Faith say.

“Yes. It feels so good Faith.”

“I know baby. Imagine it's my hand and that I'm swirling my tongue in your navel. Can you feel it?”

I groan. I can.

“Yessss. God...”

“Slip your hand into your panties and stroke the top of your pussy, but don't touch it yet.”

I struggle to breathe as I slip my hand under the cotton waistband and onto the top of my hot pussy. I think my fingers are melting into my flesh from the heat.

“Oh...Faith...”

I hear a groan on the other end of the line.

“It feels good, doesn't it baby?”

I arch my back at the sound of her husky voice I wanna touch my clit so bad. I can feel it throbbing so hard. It's sending vibrations straight down to my toes.

“God Faith...I want to touch my clit.”

I hear a really loud moan and she takes in another ragged breath.

“Put your hand on your pussy baby...and rub it really slow.”

I slid my hand to my slit and stroke it gently before easing my fingers inside my swollen lips. My fingers meet with instant wetness. I hear it start to make a little clicking noise as I rub it from top to bottom really slow. I hear Faith grunt into the phone.

“Are...humph...are...ohhh...you touching...mmm...yourself, Faith?” I manage to breathe out.

I hear Faith exhale a deep breathe into the receiver and it sends chills through my body.

“Oh Fuck Buffy....yesss.”

I think she's gonna cum and I didn't even do anything. Wow.

"Fa...Faith..."

I really want to touch my clit.

"Yeah...ohhh..."

"Can, can I touch my clit...now?"

It's getting harder and harder to talk.

"Not...yet."

God, I feel like I'm gonna explode if I don't.

"Please, baby?"

I hear her let out a really long moan and then she lets out a deep breath.

"Okay baby...touch it."

The second my fingers come into contact with my clit, I feel this earth-shattering sensation explode inside of me. Every part of my body hums with it's release and I start to shake as the waves roll over every nerve cell inside of me.

I rub my clit faster, but gently, prolonging the pleasure. I hear Faith's voice in my ear and it heightens every glorious second of my first orgasm.

"You are so beautiful Buffy. I wish I could see you right now. I wish I was stroking you as you cum on my hand, then I would stick my hand in my mouth and pull you into me. I would hold you as you come down from ecstasy. I would kiss you and tell you how much I love you, because I do."

I feel the last spark of my orgasm flare up and then fade away. I struggle to open my eyes. I lift my hand and wipe the sweat that has dripped into them. I take in a few deep breaths and I pull my hand out of my pajamas.

"God, Faith. That was amazing."

I hear her let out a sigh. I know she's smiling. So am I.

"It was for me too, baby. Thank you so much."

I smile and grab the phone with my hand that was on my breast. I wipe my sticky hand on the right leg of my pajamas. I don't care. I can barely move.

"I'm so glad you called me Faith. I love you."

"I love you too B."

I hear her readjusting herself and pulling her zipper back up. Then I remember.

“So, what did your Dad say to you?”

I hear her laugh into the phone. I smile.

“What’s so funny?”

He chuckles low in his throat and then sighs into the phone.

“He gave me condoms.”

My eyes get big. I get kinda choked up.

“He gave you...condoms?”

“Yep.”

I can’t believe this.

“Why?”

She shifts around some more and is silent for a second.

“Faith? Why did he give you condoms?”

I hear her laugh kind of nervously.

“Well, I kinda have a...dick.”

I choke on my own spit. I start coughing and wheezing into the phone.

“Buffy?! B?! You okay baby?”

I try to regain myself enough to answer her.

“Ah, yea...yeah. I just thought you said you have a...”

“I did. I do.”

OH. MY. GOD.

“Faith? Is there something you haven’t told me? I mean I know you have the sex drive of a man...but...”

She starts to laugh. A lot.

“Oh, fuck B! No. I don’t have a dick. I have a strap-on dick. For when, you...you know...wanna...hmmm...”

Oh, God. I think my heart stopped beating for like a whole second there. But wait. Did she just say she has a...strap-on? For me? Oh, God. I'm starting to get hot again. Just the image of Faith with a thick, hard dick between her legs, just for me...to make love to me, I can't believe how much she loves me.

"Faith, I can't believe you did that for me."

I hear her sigh out again.

"Believe it. You mean that much to me Buffy. Don't you know that?"

I feel a tear starting to form behind my eye.

"I do, baby. I do."

She yawns into the phone and tries to hide how tired she is, but even though she has Slayer stamina, she still needs her sleep. Especially after what we just did.

"I know your tired baby. I am too. Sleep. I'll see you tomorrow okay?"

"You sure baby? I don't want you to think, you know, I got off and now I just wanna conk out. If you need me, I'll stay awake."

I feel the tear slide down from my eye. God. I love her. I fight back the sob in my throat as I try to speak.

"No, Faith. Just go to sleep baby. You promised to spend the whole day with me tomorrow, remember? I don't want you to get sleepy on me."

I can hear her breathing starting to get steady and then she breathes into the phone.

"Okay, baby. I'll see you tomorrow then. Sweetest dreams. I love you."

I smile.

"Sweetest dreams. I love you too. Bye, baby."

"Bye."

I hear the line go dead and then the dial tone in my ear. I slowly ease the phone from my hand and lean over to place it back in the charger. I set it down slowly and stare at it with a smile. I lightly stroke the back and then pull away.

I lift my butt and pull the blankets out from under me and slide underneath their warmth. I pull Mr. Gordo into my side and snuggle into his softness. A part of me wishes Faith was here to hold me and that it was her that I was snuggling into, but I tell myself, one step at a time.

As I drift off into the best sleep I've had in a while, one last conscience thought passes through my brain:

If we keep going at this pace...pretty soon...

...my virginity won't stand a chance.

Faith's POV

The smell of fresh eggs and frying bacon wafts into my nose and my eyes instantly open. I smile and groan as I stretch my arms above my head. I hear my stiff joints pop and my muscles bend and stretch, preparing themselves for the new day.

I sigh out and close my eyes for an instant. Last night floods back to me in a rush.

It was amazing. I couldn't believe Buffy was willing to do that, but then again, she loves me and I know she would do anything for me. I know I would gladly lay down and die if she said it would make her happy.

But the sweet scents of breakfast take high priority right now.

I sling the sheets off myself and jump to my feet. This is the greatest morning I've had in a long time. I feel refreshed, rejuvenated and very...satisfied.

I can't stop smiling.

I jump into the shower and scrub extra hard. I know I'm gonna be seeing my girl today. I wanna smell sweet and irresistible.

I'm done in 20 minutes flat. I run the brush through my hair and walk over to choose my wardrobe for the day.

I smile as I reach in my closet and pull out my favorite pair of leathers and the black button up top that has the white sleeves hanging out at the cuffs and the collar. It's the shirt Buffy gave me for Christmas last year. She says it looks cute on me.

What the fuck ever. I know it makes her hotter than a fat man in Hawaii.

What? You think I wear clothes cause they make me look "cute"?

Yeah. Okay.

I slip on my boots and grab my crucifix from my bedpost before stuffing my wallet in my back pocket and heading downstairs.

I manage to clasp the crucifix around my neck as I bound down the stairs. I plop into the nearest chair at the table.

Dad comes in from the kitchen with a plate piled high with eggs, bacon and toast. I grin really big as I reach out for the plate. Dad just smiles and shakes his head as he jerks the plate back out of my reach.

"There is plenty in the kitchen. If you want some, go get your own."

I give him an evil glare, but he smiles back at me playfully as he shovels a big forkful into his mouth. I smile back as I turn and head for the kitchen.

I grab a plate and start to pile it up when I hear the phone ring.

“I’ll get it!” my Dad yells from the table.

I hear his chair scrape across the floor as he gets up to answer the phone. I just keep smiling and piling the food on my plate.

I’m about to grab five pieces of toast when my Dad pokes his head in through the revolving kitchen door.

I look over at him as I stick my finger in my mouth to suck the jelly off. He smiles at me and gets this evil glint in his eye.

“What?” I ask.

He shakes his head.

“Oh, nothing. It’s just Buffy. She said she’s walking up the drive way as we speak.”

He tilts his head up and pretends to think.

“Oh, that would have been about...five seconds ago. So, she should be here right about...”

We both hear the doorbell ring. Dad smiles.

“...now.”

My eyes get really big as I start down at the fuckin’ huge plate of food. Buffy knows I eat more than a regular girl, but I don’t want her to think I’m some fuckin’ pig or somethin’.

I turn to my Dad to ask him to stall, but my eyes meet a pair of smiling green ones. Buffy is standing before me and I don’t think I can breathe. She has on this white long-sleeve shirt that frills out at her hands. She has on brown leather pants that hug her hips and high heeled brown leather boots. Her beautiful blonde hair is pulled back in a loose bun and she’s wearing the diamond cross necklace I gave her on our anniversary last year. I spent five months salary on that fuckin’ thing, but to see it against her perfect skin makes it worth every penny.

God. She’s beautiful.

I open my mouth to tell her how gorgeous she is, but no sound will come out. I try to turn to face her and my elbow slams into the huge plate of food, knocking the shit all over the floor. Smooth Faith. Fuckin’ retard.

Buffy and my Dad both start to laugh. I scowl as I bend down to pick up the food.

“I ain’t fuckin’ funny. Shit,” I mumble as I pick up the food.

It's still fuckin' HOT and I burn my index finger on the bacon.

I spring back up and stick my finger in my mouth.

“Fuck!”

Buffy laughs the whole way over to me. I scowl at her as I stick my finger in my mouth. She starts to calm down from all the laughing and she reaches out for my wrist. My first reaction is to jerk my hand away, but when I see that familiar glint in her eye, I let her take my hand.

I watch in complete silence as Buffy slowly lifts my hand and places my index finger in her mouth. She locks her eyes with mine as she slowly sucks my finger. She runs her tongue around the tip and down my finger before slowly pulling it out of her mouth. I manage to pull my eyes from hers to look at my finger. It's wet with her saliva.

I swallow hard. Fuck. That was HOT.

I start to lean in to kiss her when the thought of my Dad suddenly stops me. I don't want him watching' me tongue up my girl.

I turn my head and look where he was standing just a second ago.

“He's already gone. He won't be back until Monday.”

I turn my head to look at Buffy. I raise my eyebrow.

“Say huh?”

She smiles that sweet little smile. The one she knows I can't resist and the one she knows turns me on beyond belief. Pretty fuckin' pathetic huh? Me, big bad Slayer Faith turns to mush with just a smile from my girl.

I fuckin' love it.

Buffy walks over to me and runs her hand down my arm before grabbing my hand and playing with my fingers. She stares down at my hand as she plays with it. She is trying not to smile.

“I called your Dad this morning while you were still sleeping. I told him that we wanted to spend the weekend together and that my mom was having a party. So, he said ‘Why not come over and stay here with Faith?’”

She looks up to see my reaction. I'm fucking speechless.

She smiles and pulls me into her. She wraps her arms around my waist and my hands go to her hips instinctively. She looks deep into my eyes.

“He's gonna be gone for the whole weekend. He went to LA and he told me to make myself at home...and that I could help myself to anything here. Wanna guess what I want to help myself to?”

I smile this huge shit-eating grin. I fuckin' love this girl.

I sigh and roll my eyes.

“Gee, B. I don't know. We got lots of stuff here.”

She laughs a little and leans into to kiss me. My eyes close instinctively and I moan into the kiss. I feel her warm tongue against my lips and I instantly part my lips for her.

Damn. This girl can kiss...REALLY good.

My right hand starts to slowly ease it's way off her hip. I feel it sliding up towards the bottom of her shirt and I can't stop it. Buffy moans into my mouth when my fingers come into contact with the soft flesh of her tummy. She pulls back from the kiss a little and whispers into my mouth.

“Oh, God. Faith.”

I love when she says my name like that. I want her to do it again.

I slide my hand up over her ribs. I feel her take in a sudden breath and I feel the goose bumps under my hand as I slide it up to her breast. I squeeze her through the soft lace of her bra. Gently, but hard enough to elicit another moan.

“Faith...Faith...Faith!”

It takes a moment to realize she's yelling and not moaning. I open my eyes to meet the irritation on her face.

Uh-fucking-oh.

Buffy pulls away from me. She starts to walk away, but I reach out and grab her by the elbow.

“Whoa. What's wrong? What happened?”

Buffy turns to look at me and if looks could kill...

She folds her arms across her chest and scoffs.

“What's wrong? What happened? Faith! I know you heard me say ‘Stop’, but you didn't!”

I shake my head.

“No, baby! I swear I didn't! If I did, I woulda stopped. You know I would.”

She looks at me for a second, trying to figure out if she should believe me or not. I see a moment of doubt flash through her eyes, and then it's gone. She sighs out and drops her arms.

“I know, baby. I'm...I'm sorry.”

I shake my head again and step closer to her. I place one hand on her hip and with the other one, I raise her face to look at me.

“Don’t ever be sorry. Don’t ever say that to me. You have nothing to be sorry for. I’m the asshole. Remember?”

That gets her to smile. I know it would. I smile too.

I pull her into a gentle embrace and she lays her head on my chest. I place my chin on the top of her head. I breathe in her scent. It smells like Heaven.

“Faith?”

“Hmm?”

Buffy sighs out and I wait for her to speak.

“I didn’t mean to freak out like that. It’s just...after last night...I didn’t want you to think...you know...that you could do stuff like that. That I was **ready** for you to do stuff like that. Do you hate me?”

My eyes fly open. I push her back from me gently and look deeply into her eyes.

“Don’t EVER think that Buffy. I could **never** hate you. I never will.”

She casts her head down and I lift it again.

“Listen to me Buffy. I promise to love you forever. As long as there is a breath in my lungs and a beat in my heart...I will love you. Understand?”

She slowly smiles and nods her head. I see a tear starting to slip from her eye and I wipe it away with my thumb.

“Don’t cry baby. You know I hate it when you cry.”

She nods again and I pull her into me, gently kissing her forehead. I pull away once again and smile.

“So, how about some breakfast?”

After breakfast, me and Buffy decided to stay in and watch a little TV. It is Friday after all. Gotta love those college breaks.

We’re sitting in the den on the black leather couch. Buffy is sitting on one of the ends with her feet under her and my head in her lap. I’m sprawled out on the rest of the couch. My feet are up on the arm and I’m eating popcorn with my left hand. My right hand is lightly entwined with Buffy’s.

We're watching an I Love Lucy marathon. That is one hilarious fuckin' show.

I laugh out loud when Lucy does that whiny thing she does so well. I feel Buffy's chuckle vibrate her legs and my head in the process.

"I fuckin' LOVE Lucy."

I shovel some more popcorn in my mouth.

"You do, eh? I thought I was the only woman you love?"

I turn my head and look up at Buffy. I sure as shit hope she ain't pissed again. Me and pissed Buffy don't mix. Oil and fucking water.

I meet her eyes. I swallow and wait...and then she smiles. I let out an internal sigh.

Buffy ruffles my hair and laughs.

"Don't worry Faith. I'm just fuckin' with ya."

I choke on the popcorn. I ain't never heard Buffy say any four letter word as long as I've known her. I stick my finger in my ear and rub it.

Buffy laughs again and swats my arm.

"Stop it. I know how to say it, Faith. I just choose not to. I leave that up to **your** mouth. It does it so well."

I smile with a glint in my eye.

"Really?"

She nods. I sit up on the couch and pull her into my lap. She giggles for a second and then goes silent when she sees me gazing deep into her eyes. I lean forward and whisper right next to her ear.

"Wanna see what else my mouth can do?"

I feel the shiver run through her and I smile as I start to place little kisses from her ear to her jaw. She moans and slips her hands into my hair. I kiss the corner of her mouth. She turns her head to kiss me, but I pull away. I smile when I hear her whimper. I kiss her on the tender skin right under her chin and she moans again. I feel her hands tighten in my hair.

I kiss down to the middle of her throat. I lick it and suck on her pulse point lightly. I feel her body shiver in my arms.

Fuck. I'm good.

I'm about to kiss the exposed skin of her chest...when I hear the doorbell.

I pull away and growl.

“Fuck! Who the **fuck** could that be?!”

Buffy slowly opens her eyes and takes in a deep breath. She leans away from me slightly and struggles to regain herself. She straightens the top of her shirt and swallows hard as she gets off my lap.

“I’ll...I’ll go see.”

I growl in frustration and slam my head back against the couch.

Fuck.

I run my hand down my face and close my eyes. I sigh out and turn my head when I hear footsteps approaching. Lots of footsteps.

I open my eyes to see Buffy standing in the doorway. With Willow and Kennedy right behind her. I sit up and raise my eyebrow at Buffy.

She just smiles and saunters back over to me. She slowly eases herself down in my lap and smiles at me. I can’t help but be a little shocked and a little pissed. This was supposed to be OUR day.

Buffy reaches down and grabs my hand. She pulls it into her lap and smiles as she looks over and Willow and Kennedy. They’re all moony eyed at each other. They’re holding hands and K leans in, whispering something in Red’s ear. I see Red blush as K pulls away and smirks.

I raise my eyebrow. Red turns as red as her hair and she starts to stammer.

“I...we...ah...Buffy...then she said...so we did...movies!”

She lifts this white bag in the air. I can see the faint outline of some movies, but I can’t see what they are. Buffy jumps from my lap and takes the bag from Willow. They smile at each other with a blush. They start whispering and K walks over, plopping down on the couch beside me. I give her a nod and she nods back. She puts her feet up on the coffee table and reaches for the remote.

She starts flipping the channels. I watch the TV blink with images for a few seconds before hearing K sigh.

“There ain’t a fuckin’ thing to watch.”

I look over at Buffy and Willow still talking. I look down at the bag of movies in B’s hand.

“Why don’t we watch those?”

K chuckles and Red and B turn to give me this horrified look.

“What?”

Kye – Losing It

I'm completely lost.

Buffy stammers and puts the bag behind her back.

“Ah, baby? These aren't exactly the kind of movies you watch with friends. These are for...later.”

I look at her like a fuckin' idiot. She smiles and blushes as she takes Willow by the arm.

“Come on Will. Let's go talk in Faith's room.”

She looks over at me.

“Is that okay, baby?”

I nod my head.

“Sure.”

She smiles at me.

“Love you.”

I smile back.

“Love you too.”

She leads Red out of the room and I hear their footsteps as they head up the stairs. I look over at K who is just staring straight ahead at the screen. Smirking like fuck.

“What?”

She just shakes her head and continues to smirk.

“Nothing.”

She starts to flip through the channels again. I fold my arms over my chest and slump back against the couch. I wonder what those movies were? Buffy sure is acting fucked up weird.

I wonder what...

My eyes widen as it dawns on me

Oh, Fuck! Movies!

Buffy's POV

Okay.

This is possibly **the** biggest and most important decision in my life. Of course I'm gonna talk to my best friend since diapers. Especially since she knows all the joys of lesbian sex. I can't believe I just thought that.

I close the door silently and turn to face Willow who is sitting on the end of Faith's bed, smiling. I lean my head back against the door and sigh.

"God, Will. I don't know how much longer I can take this."

I hear her chuckle and I lift my head to look at her.

"What's so funny?"

She shakes her head and starts picking at the comforter.

"Oh, nothing."

I smile as I make my way over to her. I drop the bag of...movies...down at the foot of the bed and plop down across from her. I pull my legs under me and lay down with my head on my hand. I absently pick at the comforter with my other hand. I stare down at the pattern and sigh.

"Will? Why does this have to be so hard? I mean, I thought that this would be the easiest decision in my life. I love Faith beyond reason and I know she loves me. So, why can't I just...do it?"

I look up to meet the compassionate eyes of my best friend. She has gotten me through more than one rough patch in my life. She was the first person I told that I was in love with Faith. Of course, she was compassionate, understanding, supportive, and the best friend a girl could ask for. That's why I love her.

She looks down at me and sighs.

"Because it is, Buffy."

I raise my eyebrow. She shrugs and plops down on her back. She stares up at the ceiling and folds her hands across her chest.

"I don't really know how to explain it. I mean, I felt the same way with Kennedy."

I see her smile as she remembers. I can't help but smile a little. She turns her head to look at me, and sighs, still smiling.

"I just...I had only known her for a couple of weeks, but after that date when she took me to the beach...I knew I loved her. Oh, Buffy...it was the best...well, second best...night of my life."

Willow turns on her side and starts to tell me the story I've heard at least a hundred times before, but I don't interrupt, I know she has a point somewhere.

“She took me down to Wake’s Pier and we had a midnight picnic under the stars. Everything was perfect that night. She had the candles, the soft music, the best food, and the softest blanket. I know Kennedy would kill me if she knew I told you this, but...”

She looks me dead in the eyes and smiles.

“She is the softest, kindest, gentlest, most romantic woman I’ve ever known.”

My eyes get a little wide and I let out a breath.

“Wow. You’ve never told me that before.”

She nods and continues to smile softly.

“I know. I didn’t want her to know I was on to her.”

I smile too.

“God, Will. I don’t really know what to say. Kennedy just doesn’t seem like the...soft type. Let alone, gentle.”

Willow nods.

“I know, but appearances can be deceiving. But...I gotta be honest...”

I look at her all expectantly. I knew the witch was holdin’ back on me.

“That’s what makes me so hot for her.”

This time she smirks.

“I love the hard-ass, takes no shit...demanding...aggressive side of Kennedy. She just makes me feel...safe...and...extremely horny.”

OH. MY. GOD.

I can’t believe **Willow** just said **horny**. I didn’t think that word was even in her vocabulary.

“Ugghh. Will. Too much info there.”

I shake my head and take in a deep breath.

“Waaaayyy too much info.”

She smirks and raises her eyebrow.

“Oh, really?”

Uh-oh. I so don’t like where this is going.

She scoots closer to me and pokes me in the side.

“You mean to tell me there aren’t times when you just look at Faith and want her hands all over you all at once? Or you don’t watch her working out...getting all sweaty and panting and wish she was making those sounds from screwing your brains out? Come on Buffy, I know it’s in there somewhere.”

Whoa. I guess she was **really** holdin’ back on me.

I pull back kinda stunned.

“Ah...I...well, I...mean I...huh.”

She just shakes her head and laughs.

“I can’t believe you Buffy! You have been with Faith for like ever, and come on, a girlfriend as hot as Faith and you don’t have **one** single fantasy about her?”

I start to blush. I didn’t say that.

I avert my eyes back to the blanket.

“I didn’t say that.”

I hear Will chuckle and she pokes me in the side again, making me look back at her. She has that look on her face. I know I’m not gonna get outta this one.

“Spill.”

I sigh out and cover my face with my free hand.

“Don’t wanna.”

Will pulls my hand from my face. She sighs and puts on her best resolve face.

“Buffy.”

I sigh out and fall back onto the bed.

“Okay, okay. I’ll tell you.”

She looks at me, waiting. I laugh a little nervously and avert my eyes to the ceiling. I slap my hand over my face.

“This is so embarrassing.”

I hear Willow sigh.

“Oh, come on Buffy. I’m your best friend and I would never laugh at you. Out with it.”

She leans forward and smirks.

“I’ll tell you mine if you tell me yours.”

I look over at her and smile.

“I’m not too sure that is a positive thing.”

She sighs out and sets her jaw.

“Alright, I’ll tell you.”

I hear her let out an excited breath. I roll my eyes and let out a deep breath. I pick a spot on the ceiling and start to pour out my deepest secret to my best friend.

“It’s starts with me lying in my room, studying by candle light. It’s all warm and I’m really relaxed. The bed feels really soft and my skin is like hyper-sensitive to the touch. I’m staring down at the pages in some textbook. I’m reading the words, but they just seem like a jumbled mess. I really want to learn whatever it is, but all I seem to be thinking about is Faith. Just when that thought passes through my mind, my door suddenly opens and Faith is standing there. She has on those...black leather pants that hug like **every** curve on her body. Her black tank has risen a little and I can see the firm muscles of her abdomen flexing with every deep breath she takes. My eyes travel from her waist over her heaving chest, and up to her dark eyes. They look a little darker than usual. Actually, they’re always that dark when she comes back from patrol.”

I hear Willow snicker. It breaks me out of my trance and I look over at her.

“Slaying makes Faith...horny?”

Uhhh. There’s that word again.

I just nod absently.

Willow’s eyebrows shoot up and she nods.

“Okay then.”

She gets all interested again. She smiles and her eyes get wide.

“Go on. What happens after you look into her eyes?”

I smile. I turn my head back to the ceiling and stare up at the intricate design.

“Well, after we lock eyes for a few seconds, she lets out this deep breath...and then she smiles at me. She smiles this smile that...that makes me melt inside. I feel my blood flowing through my veins and I feel every nerve cell in my body start to tingle. Faith is the only person that can do that to me with just a smile.”

I stop and smile to myself. I really love my baby.

“I feel my heart pounding in my ears as she starts to make her way over to me. She sheds her jacket and pulls the stake out of her waistband, tossing them both to the floor. She stops at the foot of the bed and stares down at me with the most intense stare she has ever given me. Then, in this real deep and husky voice she says, ‘Come here’, and like it’s not even me, I feel my body instantly drifting towards her.”

I look over to Willow to see if she is still listening. Her eyes are glued to me and she’s starting to breathe a little raggedly. I smile to myself and continue.

“I get to the edge of the bed and I sit down, swinging my legs over the edge. I’m at eye level with her waist and she instantly envelops all of my senses. I can smell her sweat, her desire, and her arousal. I can feel this...vibe...she’s giving off. It’s like she wants me and there is no one else on the planet that matters to her. I see her chest rising and falling rapidly with every breath she takes, and I can hear her heart beating deep in her chest. I can almost taste how bad she wants me.”

I look over at Willow to see her still staring at me dead in the eyes. She’s watching every movement my lips make. I lick my lips and avert my eyes back to the ceiling.

“It’s like she is overwhelming me and has complete control over my body. I feel completely at her mercy, and yet...it turns me on beyond imagination. To be at her mercy like this. To know that I would do anything she told me to do...it makes me feel like we are the only two people on the planet at that exact moment. Does that make any sense, Will?”

I look over at Willow. She is just staring straight ahead. I can see her the tip of her tongue running over her lips lightly. I think Willow has left the building. I sit up on my elbow and wave my other hand in her face.

“Will? Earth to Will?”

She snaps her head over and looks at me with wide eyes.

“What?! Huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, I think so Buffy. Definitely.”

She says nodding her head. I smirk.

“Really? So you think Woody Allen is the sexiest thing that ever lived too?”

I wait. I see it register on her face and she looks over at me completely lost.

“Say huh?”

I chuckle and fall back onto the bed.

“God, Will. Your head is always wondering these days.”

I look over and smirk.

“And I think I know just where it’s wondering to...or should I say to who its wondering to.”

She actually blushes. I didn't see that coming considering how she was talking earlier, but I smile anyway and turn to face her. I lay on my side and sit my head on my hand. I watch as she mirrors my position and stares back at me. I smile and raise my eyebrow.

“Yeah?”

She shakes her head a little with a faint smile.

“Nothing. I was just thinking how lucky we are.”

I tilt my head a little and look at her with a questioning glance. She sighs a little and starts playing with a loose string on the comforter.

“I mean I just can't believe I found someone like Kennedy. She's just...amazing.”

I lean in and reach over with my hand to lift Willow's chin to look at me.

“Hey, she's the lucky one. I happen to know you are pretty amazing yourself Ms. Rosenberg, and I know Kennedy would agree.”

She smiles sweetly and blushes again.

“I just...sometimes I wonder what I did to deserve some one who loves me like she does. That's all.”

I lock eyes with her once again. I set my face in my best resolve glare.

“Because you're you and you deserve the best. There is no explanation Will. It's just one of those things in life that just...is. Except it, love it, cherish it...and quit thinking so much. You make the rest of us look bad.”

That earns me a smile and I smile back. She sighs out and looks at me with her soft green eyes.

“Thanks Buffy. I knew I picked a good best friend.”

I smile and stare back down at the comforter. I feel Willow poke me in the side again. I look up to meet her smirk.

“Don't think a little smooth talkin' is going to get you out of telling me the rest of your fantasy Ms. Summers. I wanna know what happens after Faith comes into your room and you are at her complete mercy.”

This time I blush.

“It gets a little less...G rated, from there.”

I hear her gasp.

“Oh, come on Buffy!”

I sigh and smile to myself.

“Okay, so after I crawl over to Faith, she puts her hands in my hair and leans down. She kisses me and it’s the softest kiss we’ve ever had. When she pulls away, my eyes are still closed and I feel her right hand slowly trailing down my body. I open my eyes and meet her intense stare.”

I take a breath.

“She just looks at me with so much...love that I knew I wouldn’t...no, couldn’t deny her this time. She whispers my name softly and pulls me into another soft, but passionate kiss. I feel her right hand trail down over my collar bone and onto my right breast. She gives it a firm squeeze, and I moan into her mouth. It’s like it sets her off and she starts to massage it in a steady rhythm. That sets me off.”

I look up to see Willow hanging on my every word. I avert my eyes back to the blanket and swallow before continuing.

“I start to moan a lot then and that’s when she slips her hand under my pajama top and comes into direct contact with my heated flesh. I lift my hands up and tangle them in her hair, pulling her into me hard. She lets out a grunt and shifts so her knees come into contact with the end of the bed. She keeps kissing me, plunging her tongue deep into my mouth. With every stroke, I feel myself getting more lost in the moment. I suck on her tongue and she moans into my mouth really loud.”

I close my eyes for a second to regain myself. I know it’s just a fantasy, but it’s really starting to get to me. I lick my lips and struggle to continue.

“The next thing I know, she shoves me back onto the bed. I fall down with a moan and she is on me in an instant. She runs her tongue from my mouth down to my chest. She grabs my top in a tight fist with both her hands and rips it open. I gasp at the sudden rush of air and of her lips against my skin. She starts kissing, licking and sucking every where. When her lips encircle my left nipple, I moan real loud and ball the sheets into my hands tightly. I arch my body into her, desperately seeking more contact...”

I’m interrupted by a hand on my side. I look up to see Willow panting with wide eyes.

“Damn, that’s hot.”

I chuckle, but she doesn’t smile. I quickly get serious.

“You okay, Will?”

She nods her head weakly and swallows hard.

“Ye...yeah. I’m good. Ke...keep going.”

I nod and continue.

“She lets go of my nipple with a suck and licks her way back to my ear. She breathes onto it with a deep breath and whispers in a husky voice ‘I want you Buffy. I want to feel your pussy convulsing around my fingers as I touch you deep inside. Will you give that to me?’ That made me so wet, I was afraid I might of soaked clean through the mattress. I’m barely able to nod my head, but I know she feels it cause she starts kissing back down my body. She stops at my navel and swirls her tongue inside it in perfect circles. I tangle my hands in her hair and moan.”

Okay. Starting to lose it here. Maybe I shouldn’t...but my brain and my libido don’t seem to be communicating right now.

“She grabs the top of my pajama bottoms with her teeth and pull them down over my knees. She kisses her way back up my knees and over my thighs. I take in a gasp when I feel her breath onto my pussy through my panties and I get even wetter. She leans in and licks me through the fabric and I lose it. ‘Please, Faith. I can’t take it. Please...fuck me.’ It works, cause she slides back up my body and starts to kiss me as she slides my panties down my thighs and plunges a finger into me. I arch into her and moan. I force my eyes open and I see she is looking down at me with such love and admiration and I know I made the right choice.”

I let out a deep breath as I feel a twitch in my pants. God, I’m making myself horny talking about something that’s never even happened. I can only imagine what it’s gonna be like after it really does...

“I lean up and kiss her really softly and she looks down at me and smiles as she continues to move inside of me. ‘I love you, Buffy’ she says and I swear I see a tear in her eye. She just puts her head on my shoulder and my hair covers her face. She moves inside of me and I feel complete. I feel her pull out of me and I whimper, but it quickly turns into a gasp when I feel two of her fingers enter me.”

Breathe. Breathe. You gotta...breathe.

“She pumps me really slowly at first, but she feels me pulling her deeper inside of me and with a moan she picks up the pace. She rubs her thumb over my clit and in a matter of seconds, I’m cumming. Hard.”

I look up to see Willow breathing hard. For a second, I’m afraid she might hyperventilate. I reach over and grab her arm.

“Will?! Will, just breathe!”

She sucks in a quick breath and I see the life come back into her eyes. She lets out a deep breath and I smile.

“Whew. I thought you were gonna explode for a second there.”

She shakes her head.

“No...no exploding...at least, not the bad kind.”

I moan out.

“God, Will...”

She smiles and looks at me with raised eyebrows.

“Me? What about you? Ms. ‘She rubs my clit and I’m cumming in seconds...Hard.’”

I blush. I didn’t think she heard that. God! I can’t believe I just told her that.

“Will...”

She just smiles and swats my arm playfully.

“Don’t worry Buffy. I’m not laughing at you. I think that is quite possibly the most beautiful thing I’ve ever heard. Faith should be so lucky.”

She smiles and I smile. Something catches her eye behind me and her eyes narrow.

“What is...that?”

She lifts her head a little and peers over into the darkness. I turn my head and look over to see what she’s looking at, but all I see is Faith’s dresser and a pile of dirty clothes. Faith can be such a pig, but she’s my pig.

Willow keeps her eyes locked in the darkness as she crawls over me on the bed and walks over to the dresser. I turn over and sit up on the end as I watch her bend down to investigate.

“What is it?” I ask.

I see her shoulders slump for a second and then she sits up all of a sudden. She closes the drawer and turns to look at me with wide eyes. She gasps out and I see her nearly fall over.

“Ah, nothing. I really need to talk to Kennedy now, so...bye.”

In a flash, she jumps to her feet and bolts out the door. I stare at the open door with a puzzled expression.

“Huh. Well, that was strange, even for Will.”

I turn my head and look down where Willow was just investigating. I wanna know what’s in there. Don’t get me wrong, I respect Faith’s privacy and I would never do anything to betray her trust in me, but I just gotta know.

I ease off the bed and slowly make my way over to the dresser. I bend down really slowly and grab the handle on the drawer. I take in a deep breath and let it out as I slowly slide open the drawer.

My heart jumps into my throat when it registers in my brain what I’m looking at. I reach out with a tentative hand to touch it, but I pull back at the last second.

Is that the...that Faith was talking about? I didn't think she was serious...but I guess she was. Before I can stop myself, I reach into the drawer and wrap my hand around it. I close my eyes and moan, just imagining what it would look like on Faith.

"Hey. What's up with Red? She came running down stairs and..."

I quickly open my eyes and turn my head at the sound of Faith's voice.

Talk about getting caught with your hand in the cookie jar.

Great, Buffy. How are you gonna get yourself out of this one, huh?

Faith is staring back at me with these wide eyes and a panicked expression. Before I can say anything, she rushes over to me and falls onto her knees beside me. She takes my hand, the one that isn't wrapped around a silicone dick, and pulls it into her lap. She looks me dead in the eyes and starts to beg.

"Buffy, baby, please don't be mad. You weren't supposed to see it. I wasn't sure you'd wanna...so, that's why I haven't...and I was afraid of what you might think, but I swear to you, I haven't used it. I just bought it and kept it around in case...you know, you wanted to...not that I expect you too! Cause, I don't! Please don't hate me."

She trails off and stares down at the carpet.

Whoa. Okay. Was so **not** expecting that. I'm the one going through her personal stuff, and she's begging **me** not to hate **her**.

I pull my hand out of the drawer and force her to look up at me. I can see she's fighting back tears. I wipe my thumb over her cheek soothingly and lean in to kiss her softly. I pull away and smile at her.

"Baby, I could never hate you, and I'm not mad. I promise. I'm just a little...surprised. I know you said something about it...but, I didn't really think you had...you know. It just shocked me is all, but, I swear...I'm not mad. If anything...it makes me feel..."

I trail off as I turn my eyes to look down into the drawer. I stare down at the vague outline of the dick. I feel a chill run through me and I feel a jolt of arousal shoot down to my core. Somewhere in my haze I hear Faith groan and then I feel an intense heat as she leans into me. Really close.

I turn my head and in an instant her lips are on mine. I moan out at the contact and a little in surprise.

I feel Faith release my hand and place hers onto my thigh. I moan out again at the contact. I guess she takes it as a sign to go further and I feel her hand sliding up my thigh to the crotch of my jeans.

Her hand comes into contact with my pussy and she gives it a hard squeeze. My eyes suddenly widen and I pull away from the kiss gasping. Faith locks eyes with me. She stares

back at me for a few heartbeats. I'm panting and breathing really heavy. I see Faith's eyes flash with arousal and then she is kissing me again, rubbing me through my jeans.

For a moment, I let her. I relish in the feel of her hand against my pussy, touching me in the most intimate way. But, I know if I don't stop her now, something might happen that I'll regret. I waited this long, what's a little longer?

I lift my right hand and place it against Faith's chest to push her away, but before I can, I hear her moan into my mouth. I think that she took it as me responding to her touch, because I feel her lean into me, and she slides her hand from the crotch of my jeans up to my belt. I feel her start to unbuckle it with blinding speed. It takes me a moment to register that Faith has my pants unbuttoned and is pulling down the zipper.

I push against her chest and she pulls away from me, panting. She takes in deep, ragged breaths as she looks back at me with a confused expression. I struggle to regain my breathing as I push myself to my feet and walk to the other side of the room. I start to re-button my pants and buckle my belt as I turn back to face her.

She looks up at me and closes her eyes. She takes in a deep breath and pushes herself to her feet. She walks over to her bed and plops down. I see her shoulders sag and I hear her let out another deep breath. I slide my belt through the loop in my jeans and just stand there, staring at her back. I start to take a step towards her when I hear her voice through the darkness.

"Buffy...I'm...I'm sorry."

There she goes again. Apologizing for doing absolutely nothing wrong. We are so gonna have to talk about that.

I take soft steps over to the bed. I walk around and come to a stop directly in front of her. I place my legs between hers and stand there looking down at her, waiting to see those beautiful brown eyes look up into mine.

It takes a moment, but I watch as she slowly lifts her head and locks eyes with mine. I feel my heart break when I see a tear slip from her eye. I reach forward and wipe her cheek with my thumb.

"Baby, please don't cry. I hate it when you cry."

She nods and sniffles back her tears. She turns her head and kisses my palm before nestling her face against its warmth. I close my eyes and stand there, savoring the moment. It's moments like this that I treasure the most. The moments that Faith shows the person within...the warm...feeling...compassionate...woman. It reminds me that Faith is not just some ass kickin', bad-ass demon killer, she is a woman with feelings and a heart that bleeds just as easily as mine. I wouldn't have her any other way.

She looks up at me with those eyes I fell in love with so long ago.

"I just...I need you so much. I couldn't take it if I ever did anything to make you leave me. I couldn't breathe without you. I'd rather die than live without you. Buffy...baby...please, don't leave me."

She drops her head again and my hand slides away from her face. I start to cry. Sometimes, I can't believe how much she loves me. I drop to my knees in front of her and pull her into a tight embrace. She wraps her arms around me tightly and buries her face in my hair over my shoulder. I rub her back soothingly and cry silently.

"Faith...baby...I'd never leave you. We'll always be together. You could never do anything to make me leave you."

I smile a heartfelt smile.

"Sorry, but you're stuck with me until death do us part. And even then, I will never leave you."

She pulls away from me slightly and stares deep into my eyes. A slow smile spreads across her face.

"Good to know."

I swat her on the leg playfully. She chuckles a little and sniffles back her tears. She averts her eyes to the carpet for a moment and then looks back up into my eyes.

"I thought that maybe I went to far and you...you thought that I was pushing too hard or somethin'. It's just..."

She sighs out and runs her hand through the hair at my temple.

"I want you so much...but I need you more. I swear...I'll wait forever if that's what it takes."

I smirk.

"Hey, I can't wait forever, and I don't expect you too. I don't want to die a virgin you know. Besides..."

I lean forward and she leans in to kiss me, but I pull back a little and lick her lips with the tip of my tongue. She groans and I smile.

"...I wanna feel those lips kissing my clit..."

She groans again.

I lift her hand and kiss each finger before looking up at her through my lashes.

"I wanna feel these fingers deep inside me as I scream out your name..."

She swallows hard.

I lean forward and make eye contact before plunging my tongue deep in her mouth. We kiss deeply for a moment and then I pull away and smirk once again.

“...and I wanna feel that tongue plunging deep inside me as I beg you to fuck me harder...in my pussy and...”

I lean forward and lick the shell of her ear before whispering with a smile.

“...in my ass.”

She lets out a really loud groan this time and then falls back onto the bed. I look down at her with a chuckle. She slumps her forearm over her eyes and I watch as the tight muscles in her stomach flex rapidly as she tries to regain control over her hormones.

“Jesus Buffy...if you keep this up...you’re gonna give me a fuckin’ coronary or somethin’.”

She takes arm off her eyes and smirks.

“Then who would plunge their tongue in your ass, huh?”

This time I groan and fall forward on top of her. She chuckles beneath me and rolls us over.

It’s something I’ve picked up on over the years. Every time we make out or lie in bed together, Faith always has to be the one on top or in control. I guess it must be a Slayer thing, but something tells me it’s a Faith thing. The thought vanishes out of my brain when Faith kisses me softly.

Yep. My virginity is definitely a goner.

I smile into the kiss and run my hand through Faith’s dark tresses. As I lie under my baby and soak up her affections, a random thought occurs to me.

I wonder what happened to Will and Kenn?

Willow’s POV

I need her.

I need her like I’ve never needed her before. I have this...burning inferno in my gut and if she isn’t inside me soon...I may just burn from the inside out.

She’s looking at me all confused as I lead her down the hall in Faith’s house. I can’t believe I’m about to do this...but, I know I couldn’t make it home. I’d have my hand down her pants before we even got of the driveway.

Last time, that didn’t end so well. I tend to learn from my mistakes.

Kennedy is a very...**passionate**...lover. It’s hard for her to stop once she’s started and it sure as **hell** doesn’t take much to get her engine running.

She says it's just me. That I'm the only one that can turn her on like that...and THAT turns **me** on. It makes me want her **so** bad...but that's a whole **other** story.

Okay. Looks like we're here.

I come to a stop outside of Mr. Spencer's room. For a split second, the logical, rational side of me tells me this is wrong...that I shouldn't do it...but, then I turn and meet Kennedy's dark eyes and I lose all grip on reality.

I lean forward and crush my body to hers. She lets out this loud grunt and places her hands on my hips. I close my eyes as she leans into me and traces the shell of my ear with her hot tongue. I can feel the cool steel of the metal ball as she dips her tongue into my ear before gently withdrawing.

I manage to slowly open my eyes to stare back into her smiling face. She raises an eyebrow as she starts to slip her thigh between mine.

"Is someone a little..."

She thrusts her leg up and connects with my crotch. I let out a loud groan and close my eyes again. She leans in and whispers huskily in my ear.

"...horny?"

I grip her shoulders tightly as I feel her start to move her leg up and down, but just a little...and very, very slowly. She's teasing me. She loves the power she has over me...but, I'm not exactly the victim here. I too have a few cards up my sleeve...well, pants...and I know how to play 'em.

I take in a deep breath to regain control over my own body. I slowly open my eyes and moan as Kennedy licks me behind my ear.

Goddess.

I don't know if I'm gonna be able to last. Then Kennedy slips her hand between our bodies and I feel her rub me through my jeans. That's it. I throw my head back and moan really loud. I hear Kennedy chuckle and pull my head back down to look at her smirk.

"You...th-think...I'm...amusing?"

She doesn't reply. Instead, she leans in and sucks my pulse point. She pulls away and moans low in her throat. She locks eyes with me and her expression turns serious.

"No. I think you're fuckin hot. And, I want you."

It's my turn to smirk. I pull away from her embrace slightly and run my finger tips over her muscled arms in a slow, steady pattern.

"Is that so?"

She just nods. I lean in and lick her earlobe before whispering to her.

“So take me then.”

I guess that’s all the invitation she needs cause the next thing I know, she wraps her arms under my ass and pulls me into her arms. I let out a grunt and wrap my legs around her waist. She starts to turn to leave and I stop her with a light squeeze. She looks up at me with confusion. I lean down and kiss her lightly. I pull back and stare deep into her eyes.

“No, Kenn. I want you to take me...here.”

Her eyes get real big and I can sense her hesitation.

“Will? Are you...sure?”

I just nod and smile. She contemplates it for a second, and then she returns the smile.

“Okay then, but...you asked for it.”

I let out a giggle as she pulls me into her and buries her face in my chest with a growl. I put my hands in her hair and moan. She pulls her head back and smiles.

“I love you so much, baby.”

I think I might cry.

“I love you too, baby.”

She smiles softly for a second and then she gets an evil glint in her eye.

“Sex in someone else’s bed. What has gotten into you Rosenberg?”

I get my own evil glint. I lean forward and smirk.

“Well, hopefully...you.”

She lets out a loud moan and turns to open the door. She gives it a light kick with her boot and it swings open. She carries me inside and kicks the door shut behind us. We share a smile as she carries me over to the bed and drops me down onto it. I bounce up a little and in an instant, she is on top of me.

She’s kissing me with everything she is...with all her love. She’s such a good kisser. She runs her tongue through every inch of my mouth, massaging it with abandon. She moans into my mouth and I feel the warmth spread through every nerve cell in my body. I need her to touch me...now.

I break the kiss, panting. She looks down at me, taking in ragged breaths as she waits. She’s waiting for me to tell her what I want, what I want her to do to me. She’s really considerate that way. I smile as I run my fingers through her raven hair.

“Kennedy?”

She licks her lips as her eyes search mine.

“Yeah?”

I lean up and lick her earlobe before taking it between my teeth and giving it a light tug. She moans next to my ear and it drives me insane. I place a kiss on her ear before I whisper to her softly.

“Make love to me.”

I guess that’s all the encouragement she needs. I feel her press her body into mine. I can feel her muscles ripple beneath her skin as I grip onto her arms for support. She’s been training with Faith every night since she became a Slayer. Kennedy is the only one that can train with Faith and still keep all her body parts intact. She’s not a Slayer, but she’s no...**ordinary** woman either. She’s got a hard body, strong hands, a talented tongue, a mouth that can do wonders, and the sexual stamina of a bunny.

Goddess above...I love her.

I feel Kennedy’s hand working on the first button of my shirt as she licks my throat. I close my eyes and lean my head back on the pillows. I smell the Stetson cologne and for a second the wrongness of this situation registers in my brain. Then I feel Kennedy open the last button of my shirt and her hand is on my breast, kneading it gently, and I couldn’t care less.

She starts to kiss down my throat and I take in a shallow gasp. She zeros in on my right nipple and begins to suck it through the fabric of my bra. It feels so good.

I can feel it hardened to a painful peak underneath my bra. I moan and rake my fingers across her scalp. She moans into my breast and I nearly lose my grip on reality.

“Kenn?...Kenn?”

She stops sucking and lifts her head to look down at me. Her eyes are almost black and they are focused on me intently, waiting for her next command.

“Off.”

It’s all I can manage to say, but she knows what I want.

She lifts me up gently and with one hand unclasps my bra and pulls the straps down my shoulders. She flings it away without a care and gives me a smile. She takes my bare nipple into her mouth as she slowly lowers me back onto the bed. I moan again and my fingers dig into her shoulders.

I want to feel her skin against mine.

I run my hands down her arms and desperately search for the hem of her shirt. The feel of her mouth around my nipple is distracting and I whimper like a lost puppy. I hear her chuckle

deep in her throat as she sits up and pulls her shirt over her head. She smiles down at me as she lets me admire her beauty.

I trail my eyes over her nearly naked torso. Her black lace bra attracts my attention for a second as the images of what lies beneath it flicker through my mind. She takes in a deep breath and something else catches my eye. I trail my eyes lower and stare at her abdomen as the muscles flex with her every breath. She's just so damn sexy.

I slowly lift my hands up and trail my fingers over the rippling muscles of her stomach. They feel so good beneath her soft skin. I hear her let out a low moan and my eyes flicker up to hers. She's still smiling down at me as she soaks up my affection. I know I'm the only one she lets see this side of her, the only one she lets touch her like this, and that's a good thing too. I may be 'Cute, sweet Willow'...but what's mine...is mine.

She lifts her hands and places them over mine. I look up at her and she leans down to kiss me once again. I feel her slowly slide my hands down to the waistband of her jeans and I instantly know what she wants. Her hands leave mine as I start to undo the buckle of her belt. She moans into my mouth and reaches behind her to unclasp her bra. The garment falls from her body and I feel the bare skin of her chest against mine. It makes the breath in my throat catch for a moment, but I continue to work on getting her jeans off.

I pull open the button and reach to pull down her zipper, but her hand comes up to cover mine. I pull out of the kiss and look up at her with a questioning stare. She just smiles as she leans down and kisses me gently. She pulls away and whispers against my lips.

"Turn over."

I look up at her with a raised eyebrow.

"What?"

Her eyes flash a predatory glare.

"I said...turn over."

The tone of her voice makes me swallow hard. She's never talked to me like that before. It's not really scary...it's more...arousing. I stare back into her eyes for a moment before quickly turning onto my stomach. I feel her hook her arm around my waist and pull me onto all fours. I let out a gasp when I feel her pull my butt hard against her crotch. She leans over my back and I feel her hard nipples pressing into my skin. She bites my ear gently as she trails her hands over my sides. She gives my ear a long lick and whispers to me as she brings her hands to a rest on my hips.

"I'm gonna make you cum so hard...is that what you want?"

I don't trust my voice, so I just nod. I struggle to breathe as I feel her slide her hands over my hips to the front of my jeans. She leans into me as she unbuttons them and pulls down the zipper slowly. I take in a sharp breath when I feel her shove her hand into them roughly. She drags her fingernails over my sex through the thin material of my lace panties. I can't take it. I push my ass back into her and wiggle my hips.

“Kennedy...please...”

She lets out a moan and pulls my jeans over my hips and from my body in one swift pull. I feel the bed sink in as she climbs back up behind me and places her hands on the hem of my panties. I nod my head silently and she slips her hand down the front. My eyes fly open as I feel her fingers come into contact with my clit.

“Mmm...Kennedy...yes, baby...”

I push myself back into her and start to rock my hips with the rhythm of her stroking. She’s so good, I feel like I’m gonna pass out from the sensations she’s causing deep in my belly, but...it’s not enough. I want her inside me. I **need** her inside me.

“Please baby...I need you...inside.”

I feel her instantly ease two fingers into my throbbing opening. She knows one is never enough for me, so she gives me two. She’s always taking care of me like that. She starts pumping her fingers inside me; slowly at first and when I start to push back, her pace speeds up. I moan out as she touches me deep inside.

“Goddess...baby...feels so...good.”

Just a few more...and I’m gonna...

“Kennedy!”

I cry out into the room as I feel my orgasm rip through me. It takes over my whole body, pulsing through my veins and turning my organs inside out. It’s a really big one.

I collapse onto the bed in a disheveled heap of pleasure. Kennedy falls onto my back panting just as hard as me. I feel her sweaty skin against mine and it makes me smile. I love that we can share something so...intimate without me even touching her. I love my baby. So I tell her.

“I love you,” I whisper.

She nuzzles my neck and kisses me behind my ear.

“I love you too.”

I feel sleep overwhelming my senses and I roll over onto my back. Kennedy opens her arms to me and I snuggle into her warm embrace. I drape my leg over hers and I love the feel of her jeans against my bare skin. I smile at the moment and snuggle deeper into her side. She brushes her fingers through my hair and kisses my temple as she wraps her arms around me tightly. I’ve never felt safer in my entire life.

She pulls me against her body and I hear her breathing become slow and steady as she drifts off into a peaceful slumber. I pull her arm tighter around my waist and entwine my fingers with hers. I place our hands against my abdomen and smile in bliss as I close my eyes and drift off to dream with my love.

Faith's POV

We've been laying here for the last couple of hours.

Buffy's got her back turned to me. I'm spooning her from behind with my head propped up on my left hand and my right arm is draped over her. She's got my hand lying over her stomach and is lightly tracing my palm with her fingertips.

God. If she only knew what the slightest touch from her did to me...

I close my eyes and take in a deep breath. She must of felt me do it cause she turns her head to look up at me with concern.

"You okay, baby?"

I just smile and nod before leaning down to place a light kiss on her forehead. She sighs out at the contact.

"That's nice baby."

I pull away and smile down at her. She returns the smile before turning back to watch the television. It's some chick flick she found on one of those sappy women's channels. That's one of the reasons I love my baby so, she's such a...woman.

She sighs out all dreamily and pulls my hand closer to her heart. I flick my eyes up to the screen to see this dude tonguing up this girl. He pulls away and tells her he loves her before he slips his hand down to her pants. I chuckle deep in my throat. That's original.

Buffy turns her head to look at me with annoyance.

"What is so funny?"

Uh-oh.

"Um, nothing?"

She sets her jaw and raises her eyebrow. Oh, shit. I know that look. It makes me nervous as shit and I swallow hard.

"Umm. It's just...I was thinking...Umm..."

Buffy sighs out.

"Faith."

I groan inwardly. There is no way I'm getting out of this one. Damn.

"I was just thinking that I can't believe she fell for that. He says 'I love you' and she's ready to spread 'em. It's just...funny."

Uh-fuckin’-oh.

That was probably the **worst** fuckin’ decision I’ve ever made in my life.

Buffy drops my hand from her chest and sits up away from me. She looks down at me with this scowl on her face and I know what’s comin’ next. She lets out an annoyed breath and crosses her arms over her chest.

“Faith, I can’t believe you would say something like that. He wasn’t saying that just so he could get into her pants. He really does love her, and that’s what matters, you know.”

She turns to face me and I can see the beginning of a tear forming behind her eye.

“Are you saying that’s all you’ve been doing? Just saying you love me so you can get into my pants?”

Fuck. Shit. This is **so** not going how I planned.

I sit up to face her and place my hands on her thighs. I look deep into her eyes and put all my heart into my words.

“Baby, no. When I say ‘I love you’, I mean it. I’m not saying it just so I can get into your pants. I’m saying it because I mean it. I love you, B, and not because I want to fu...make love to you. I love you because I do and that’s it. No strings attached.”

I can see the hint of a smile coming to her face. I reach up and wipe away the tear from her eye. I lean in and press my forehead to hers.

“Remember when I said I’d love you even if we never had sex?”

She nods lightly.

“Well, I meant it. I just want to be with you, baby. If we never made love, I’d still want to be with you. You mean so much more to me.”

She leans up and gives me one of her soft kisses that turn me inside out. She pulls away and runs her fingers through my hair.

“That was nice, baby and I love you, too.”

We share a tender smile. I gaze deep into those pools of green that have captured my heart. I never noticed the specks of gold within their depths until now. They’re so fuckin’ beautiful.

“God. You are so beautiful, B.”

I really didn’t mean to say it out loud, but, I’m glad I did. Buffy stares back at me for a second, and then she gets this soft smile on her face. She leans in closer to me and kisses my ear before whispering to me real soft.

“Lay back.”

I pull away from her and look at her with a confused expression. She just smiles at me and places her hands on my shoulders, pushing me back against the headboard. I watch her intently as I right myself in a sitting position against the head of the bed. She smiles at me as she straddles my lap and places her knees on the sides of my thighs.

She looks at me from under her lashes as she starts to trail her hands up under the hem of my tank. She runs her fingertips over the muscles of my abdomen and it sends jolts of electricity straight to my groin. It takes all my Slayer will power not to grab her by the hips, flip us over, and fuck her brains out.

She leans forward and kisses the corner of my mouth and my hands fly up to embed themselves in her hair. She continues to kiss down my jaw as I dig my fingers deeper into her hair, scraping them across her scalp. I moan out when she slips her tongue in my ear. She knows how hot that makes me and it suddenly dawns on me that maybe she is trying to make me hot cause she **wants** me to fuck her brains out.

All she had to do was ask.

I reach down and grab her by the hips. She breaks away from me and lets out a gasp as I flip us both over in one fluid movement. I gaze down into her eyes as I work my right thigh between her legs. She groans out as I force my leg up into her crotch. She starts to open her mouth to speak, but I lean down and shove my tongue in it before she can say a word.

She moans out into my mouth and it drives me wild. I rake my fingernails down her sides over the material of her shirt. She moans and shifts under me, pressing her pussy into mine. I growl into her mouth and shove my hands up her shirt. She pulls away from the kiss and lets out a gasp as I knead her breasts roughly. She grips onto my shoulders tightly and slams her head back in a moan of ecstasy. I run my tongue over it's smooth flesh and suck on her pulse point. She lets out a deep moan and it ignites my passion.

I press my thigh into her crotch roughly and slip my hands beneath the fabric of her bra. I pinch her nipples between my fingers as I trail a path of kisses down to her collarbone. I feel her move her hands in between our bodies and I moan when I feel her grab my waist roughly.

“Faith.”

Her voice is barely above a whisper, but I can still hear it. I can also hear her breathing turn ragged. The sound of her rapidly beating heart pounds into my skull as I pull and knead the flesh of her supple breasts. God. I want to pull them into my mouth and suck them until she screams out my name. They're just so...perfect.

“Faith.”

I hear her voice drift into my ears again. I take it as a sign that she wants me to go further, so, I do.

I run my hands down to the waistband of her jeans and start to unbutton them with blinding speed. I feel Buffy's grip on my waist tighten. I moan into her neck as I pull the zipper down on her jeans. Buffy groans and starts to push at my hips.

“Faith. Faith, stop.”

Her words don't register in my brain, and I'm too turned on to care. So, I don't stop. I just keep kissing down her neck to the base of her throat as I slip my hand into her pants. I start to stroke her pussy through her panties as I run my tongue along her flesh. She pushes against my waist again, but she's no match for my Slayer strength. She lets out a muffled whimper as she pushes with all her might.

“Faith! I said...stop!”

I let out a growl and pull my hand out of her pants. I pull away from her and she lets out a relieved sigh as she sits up. I look down at her and see the frustration in her eyes. I know I'm probably making it worse, but I gotta try. If I don't get in them pants soon...

I lean down and start to kiss her passionately. I feel her wanting to resist, so I massage her tongue with mine, nice and slow. She moans into my mouth and lets me push her back onto the bed. I run my hands over her sides and down to her hips as I continue to work my tongue in her mouth. I ease my hands to the front of her hips and start to edge them towards her zipper. Her hands come down instantly and cover mine. She pulls away from the kiss and stares deep into my eyes.

“Faith, I'm not...I don't want to.”

I let out a groan of protest and lean down, kissing her neck softly. I trail a path of wet kisses to her earlobe and take it into my mouth, sucking gently. I hear her moan and I try to slip my hands back in her pants, but her grip on them tightens. I trail my tongue up behind her ear and lick it.

“Please, baby? I need you so much.”

I hear her let out a whimper as I lick the side of her throat. I can feel her swallow hard.

“No.”

Fuck. I'm running out of options here.

There is only one other thing I can think to do. If that doesn't get her to give it up, nothing will.

I slide my hands from under hers and place them on her thighs. She lets out a moan as I kiss my way down her body to her navel. I place a delicate kiss on the sensitive skin just above it causing her to arch into my mouth. I grip the sides of her hips tightly and ease my tongue into her navel, swirling it around. She lets out another moan and buries her fingers in my hair as I kiss and suck on her delicate flesh.

I slowly start to slide my hands up to the top of her jeans as I continue to kiss her navel. She lets out another moan and pulls my head tighter against her body. I ease my hands over the sides of her jeans and start to pull them down. I have them half way off her hips when I feel her hands leave my hair and grab my hands once again.

“Baby, no.”

Fuck it! I can’t do this.

I pull away from her and move to sit on the edge of the bed. I run my hand over my face and through my hair. I take in a deep breath to gain control over my raging libido. I hear the sound of dragging material and I turn my head to see Buffy pulling her jeans back over her hips and zipping them up. I glance up to meet her eyes and she’s looking back at me with hesitation.

Yeah. You damn right I’m pissed.

I just sigh out and turn my head back to stare out the window. I hear the bed shifting behind me and then I feel her familiar warmth against my back. I can feel that she wants to touch me, to comfort me, but she doesn’t.

“Are...are you mad?”

Her voice is barely a whisper.

“What do you think?”

That came out a little harsher than I intended, but I think she gets the point.

“I’m sorry.”

I turn to face her with scoff. She has been looking down this whole time and she looks up to meet my eyes when she feels my stare boring into her.

“You’re sorry? Sorry for what exactly? Sorry for making me believe that you actually love me and want to be with me? Sorry for teasing me into wanting you, only to reject me yet again? Or are you sorry that you’ve been acting like a cheap whore and when I wanna take what you’re offering, you deny me? Huh? Is **that** what you’re sorry for?!”

I don’t see it coming. I don’t think she does either, but the next thing I know, she reaches up and slaps me across the face as hard as she can. My head jerks to the side from the force of the slap. It takes a minute for it to register in my brain, but when it does, I feel the Slayer in me wanting to come out and play. I can’t let her though. I’d never hurt Buffy like that.

I push myself off the bed and walk over to grab my jacket from the back of the chair. I hear Buffy let out a sob and I turn my head to see her place her hands over her mouth before another can escape. I know I must have a big red hand print where she slapped the piss out of me and I know she must see it, but nothing hurts as much as the words I said. I can’t believe I called her a cheap whore. I’m such a fuck.

I sigh out and slide my jacket on. I walk to the door quickly and place my hand on the knob.

“Faith?”

I turn my head to meet her eyes at the sound of her voice.

“Wh...where are you going?”

I sigh out and close my eyes for a second. I open them to see her staring back at me with concern as a tear falls from her eye.

I always do this. I always manage to fuck up a good thing, but I fucked up bad this time. I just can't deal with this right now. I'm not good at fixin' things...I mostly just fuck 'em up. She's never gonna forgive me for this one. I swear, I can never do anything right when it comes to her.

But there is something that I can do. There is something that I was born to do, and right now, it's the only thing that's gonna keep me from going insane over this shit.

I stare into the depths of her eyes and I feel my heart break at the sadness there, but I have to do this.

For both of us.

I fight back the tears as I struggle to be strong.

“I need to kill something.”

I turn and walk out of the room, slamming the door behind me.

Buffy's POV

I can't believe she just walked out on me.

After what just happened, after what she called me....after what I did....

How could she just walk out on me...on us?

I sigh out and slam my hands down on the mattress beside me.

“Damn it Faith!”

I let out a deep breath as I feel the sobs starting to boil up again. All I can do is cover my face with my hands and cry like a little girl. Why do things have to be so...complicated? Why can't she just wait a little longer? Is it really gonna matter when? I wish I knew. God, I wish I knew.

My inner babble is interrupted by the sound of a light knock on the door. My head jerks up instantly and I watch as the door slowly opens.

“Faith?”

But, it isn't her. It's Willow and she looks all worried.

I sigh out and avert my eyes back to the blanket. I hear soft footsteps approaching and then the bed sinks in right in front of me. I feel Will's gentle hand on my knee and I slowly lift my eyes to meet her soft green gaze. She gives me a sad little smile and nods her head.

"I know. I know."

I start to cry uncontrollably and I fall into her arms. She holds me and gently rocks me back and forth as I cry into her shoulder.

"It's gonna be okay Buffy. You'll see. She'll be back and it'll all be okay."

All I can do is cry. How could I let this happen?

"It's all my fault."

Willow pulls me away and keeps her hands on my shoulders as she looks me in the eye.

"No, it isn't. It is not all your fault Buffy. There are two people in this relationship, not one. It takes two people to make a relationship, and two people to break a relationship. It's not all your fault, but don't worry, it will work out. I promise."

Her smile turns a little brighter and I sniffle as I fight back a smile of my own.

I sigh out and stare down at my hands. Willow takes her hands from my shoulders and places them over mine. She gives them a reassuring squeeze, and I look up to face her again.

"She loves you. Never forget that. No matter what she says or does, she loves you and that will never change."

I squint my eyes and fight back another sob.

"How do you know that Will?"

Willow averts her eyes to our hands and sighs. She runs her finger over the back of my hand and slowly lifts her eyes to mine. She smiles softly.

"It's one of those things that I just know. Like I know that Kennedy and I are meant to be, so are you and Faith. You love each other with such passion and such fire. It just is because it has to be. Without each other, you would just be two lost souls. Fate, destiny, call it what you want, but...it is meant to be."

Somehow, Willow always manages to make me feel better about everything. Even if it is the worst time in my life, she always makes me see the silver lining.

I return her soft smile and lean forward pulling her into a hug.

"Thanks Will."

We pull away and she nods smiling.

“I betcha glad now that you picked me as you’re best friend, huh?”

We share a laugh and I nod.

“Yeah. Yeah, I am.”

Willow takes a look around and then brings her eyes back to rest on mine.

I see it instantly. They have that...after-sex glow. I can’t believe this. Willow and Kennedy had sex in my girlfriend’s house. But...there are only two rooms. Where did they...

My eyes grow wide and I nearly choke.

“Willow! You had sex in Faith’s dad’s bed?!”

Her eyes grow wide and I can see her swallow hard. She starts to stutter and babble.

“Well...I-I didn’t me-mean to. I mean, it-it wasn’t a planned thing or anything...it just sort of...of happened. But...I didn’t mean to-to do it in his...his bed. It’s just...Kennedy was so...a-and I was so...so we were so...and it...it was the closest pl-place...so we...and Kennedy was so good...it was soooo good...”

I cover my ears and groan.

“Will...”

She jumps back slightly.

“Sorry! Sorry, Buffy. You probably didn’t need to hear that last part, huh?”

I shake my head with my hands still over my ears. I can still hear her laugh. I look up and remove my hands.

“Not funny, this is so not funny. Faith is gonna kill you.”

Willow instantly stops laughing and I hear her swallow hard again.

“Uh-oh.”

I just nod and smile.

“Yep, you are one dead witch.”

Faith’s POV

Fuck. Double fuck.

How could this happen? How in the **hell** could I let this happen? Is it really that hard to just...keep it in my pants?

I sigh out and shake my head as I stuff my hands in my jacket pockets.

“Fuck. It’s all my fault.”

“No, it isn’t.”

I stop dead in my tracks. How the hell did she find me?

“Not now K. I don’t feel like...talking.”

I hear the leaves crunch under her boots as she approaches me. Her footsteps suddenly stop and I turn to see her hop up onto a headstone. She swings one leg up and props her arm up on it as the other one dangles over the front. She shrugs and sighs.

“Whatever.”

Damn her. How does she always do that? Make me want to talk when I don’t wanna. Must be that inverse psychology shit...or something like that.

I sigh out and hop up onto the headstone directly across from her. I dangle my feet over the front and sigh. I fold my hands in my lap and turn my eyes to the sky.

It’s really beautiful tonight. The stars are like extra bright and the moon looks...different.

Buffy always likes to look at the stars. She likes for us to lay on my roof and for me to hold her as we just stare up at the stars in silence. She likes those little sentimental things in our relationship...but me? What do I want out of it?

To fuck.

At least, I bet that’s all she thinks I want out of it.

I sigh out and close my eyes as I bring my head back down. I open them slowly to see Kennedy staring back at me, her face expressionless. Ah...fuck.

“Okay. I’ll tell you.”

I watch as she cracks a grin.

“I knew you would.”

I can’t help but smile. She thinks she’s so fuckin’ cute. Well, she is...but I’d never tell her that. For one, she’s Red’s girl, and it ain’t at the top of my list to be turned into a toad or some shit. Besides...I got all the girl I could ever want or need. At least, I hope I still do.

I sigh out.

“I fucked up bad this time K. She’s gonna hate me forever. She’ll never want to see me again.”

Kennedy scoffs and shakes her head.

“Oh, please. What the fuck? You hit your head or something? There ain’t no way this side of Hell Buffy would ever turn her back on you. She loves your stupid ass too much. Although, I can’t see why. You are such a horny asshole.”

She cracks another grin and I turn my head to the side to try and hide my smile. She chuckles under her breath and I turn my eyes back to face her as the smile fades from my face. She drops her leg and sits up on the headstone, letting out a deep breath. She cracks her knuckles and places her hands in her lap.

“Even though you are a horny asshole, and it’s your fault most of the time, it ain’t all your fault now. But, you shouldn’t have called her a cheap whore. That’s just...fucked up.”

I sigh out and slump my shoulders.

“Yeah, I know. I was just pissed and it just came out. I don’t know wh...”

Wait a fuckin’ minute. How the fuck did she know that?

I lift my eyes and set my jaw.

“How the fuck did you know that? You some peepin’ tom or some fucked up shit like that?”

I don’t know why I’m so pissed. I think it’s a Slayer thing, you know, all territorial and shit. No body messes with me...or my girl.

K gets this ‘Uh-oh’ look on her face.

You damn right. You better be scared. You may be my best friend, but that don’t mean I won’t stomp your ass if I have to. I gotta protect what’s mine.

“No! No, Faith. It’s nothing like that. Me and Willow were just laying there and your voices just kinda...echoed. It must be the thin walls.”

Oh. That’s better cause for a minute there I thought she...wait....laying there?

I turn my head to the side and my face contorts in confusion.

“You were just...laying there? Laying...where exactly?”

I can see the panic return to her face. I don’t like where this is going.

I watch as she fidgets with the side of the headstone and swallows hard.

“K? What were you and Willow doing that made you just be ‘laying there’?”

She turns her eyes up to meet mine and smiles nervously.

“Umm...we were in...after-glow mode.”

I nod my head.

“Oh.”

I sit there a moment longer...and then something else dawns on me. The guestroom is down stairs and the only other room upstairs that’s close enough for them to hear us is...

My eyes go wide and I look up to meet hers.

“My dad’s room! You had sex with your girlfriend in my dad’s bed room?! In his bed?!”

Ah, fuck. The grossness factor on this one is way off the fuckin’ charts.

I let out a disgusted groan and shake my head to rid it of the mental images.

I hear K’s voice break through my trance.

“You ain’t mad Faith?”

I look up and shake my head.

“Hell no. Just...fuck! That’s disgusting!”

I stare to shake again and jump from the headstone.

“Ughh...that’s so...fucked.”

I hear K sigh out and start chuckling. I look up to meet her eyes as she jumps down from the headstone and walk over to me. She slaps me on the shoulder and smiles.

“Maybe...but so was I.”

I shake my head again and groan.

“Please...don’t rub it in.”

She chuckles as she slips her hands in the pockets of her jeans and looks straight ahead into the darkness for a moment. She sighs out and turns back to face me.

“I think it’s time you go home now. Someone’s waitn’ for ya.”

I nod my head absently.

“Well, what about you?”

She smiles.

Kye – Losing It

“I got someone waitin’ for me too, and something tells me I’m gonna get lucky again tonight.”

I groan out and shake my head as I start to walk away.

K chuckles and walks behind me a half a step back.

“Hmm...maybe we can do it in your bed this time. I’m sure those cold sheets could use a little warmin’ up.”

I stop and turn to face her. She stops dead in her tracks and waits to see if that was too much.

I just smirk and lean in to whisper to her.

“If everything works out like I hope it does, after this weekend...me and Buffy will be giving them **all** the heat they need.”

My smirk grows wider at the shocked expression on her face. She stares back at me a moment longer and she gets a smirk of her own.

“I hope it does too...then maybe you won’t be such a tight ass anymore.”

I can’t help it. I gotta. It’s just too good to pass up.

“Well, Buffy won’t be.”

She just shakes her head and smiles.

“How did I know you were gonna say that?”

I smirk and we share a moment of eye contact before we turn and walk home in a comfortable silence.

I can’t help but keep smiling. As I walk up the driveway, I glance up at the window to my room and smirk.

Buffy is never gonna know what hit her.

Buffy’s POV

I hear the front door open and then close. I involuntarily suck in a deep breath.

Faith’s home.

Willow looks over at the door and then back at me. I meet her eyes with a helpless stare. She gives me a gentle smile and places her hand on my knee gently.

“It’s okay Buffy. Just remember what I said. I love you.”

She leans over and kisses me on the forehead and smiles at me before getting up off the bed and walking out quietly. I don't know what I would do without her.

I settle back into the bed feeling a little better. As soon as I start to relax, I hear the door open slowly.

Uh-oh.

It's Faith. I don't even have to open my eyes, I can **feel** it. It's her.

I hold my breath as I hear her heavy boots fall against the carpet as she makes her way over to the bed. I feel it sink down in front of me and then I hear her husky voice drift into my ears.

"Baby, open your eyes."

So, I do.

The moment our eyes meet, any doubts I had about us vanish. She has a soft smile on her face and her eyes are dark and sad. She takes a deep breath and looks down at my hands in my lap. I watch as she licks her bottom lip and slowly reaches over to take my hand in hers. The instant her hand touches mine, a thousand sensations encompass my entire being.

Faith pulls our hands into her lap and starts to gently rub her thumb over the back of my hand. I sigh out internally from the intimacy of the touch. I watch Faith intently as she stares down at our hands and licks her bottom lip again. It makes me smile a little.

I hear her let out a deep breath as she slowly lifts her eyes to mine. She sees my soft smile, and gives me one of her own.

"Baby...I..."

She trails off and sighs out. I don't say anything. I just sit here and remain silent. I know this is something she has to do on her own. In her own way...on her own terms. She lets out a deep breath and lifts her eyes to mine once more.

"Buffy, I'm so sorry about what happened. I am such an asshole. I can't believe I called you...what I called you. I'm a fuckin' loser and I don't deserve another chance."

I start to open my mouth to tell her how wrong she is, but the look in her eyes tells me she needs to do this. So, I remain silent.

"I don't deserve another chance, and I don't deserve your forgiveness. But...I'm asking for it anyway. I'm asking you to give me the chance to show you how much I really do love you and how much nothing else matters to me. I'm asking you to give me the chance to show you what's in my heart. Please...give me that chance."

Now, I'm speechless. I don't think I can speak after that. I never knew Faith could be so...sensitive. I'm so use to 'bad-ass, I ain't got no feelings' Faith. I've never seen her so open and vulnerable and I've never loved her more.

I reach over with my free hand and brush a wavy lock from her eye. She closes her eyes and lets out a sigh. I smile as I slide my hand down and rest it on her cheek.

“Baby...open your eyes.”

She cracks a tiny smile as she slowly opens her eyes. I return the smile as I lean into her, bringing our lips a breath away. I run my fingertips over her jaw before sliding my hand around to the back of her head. I entwine my fingers in the hair at the base of her neck and I stare deeply into her eyes.

“I love you Faith. That’s all that matters. That’s all that will **ever** matter.”

I lean in and kiss her softly. I hear her let out a little moan and then a whimper as I pull away. I watch as she slowly opens her eyes and licks her lips. She smirks.

“So, does this mean I’m forgiven?”

I just shake my head and smile. I lean forward and place my forehead on hers. I continue to smile softly as I look deeply into her eyes.

“Yes.”

She smiles.

Faith’s POV

I can’t fuckin believe this. Just like that, Buffy has forgiven me and everything is back to the way it was...just like that.

Sometimes I wonder what I could have possibly done in my life to deserve her. I mean, I know I save people’s lives and shit, but there is no way I deserve someone like Buffy cause she deserves the best and **only** the best. I don’t know what the fuck she sees in me. Kennedy is right. I’m just a fuckin asshole who only cares about getting off. Buffy deserves so much more.

But...she tells me that I’m all she could ever want, all she could ever need...and that makes me smile.

B pulls away from me and a grin spreads across her beautiful lips.

“What is so funny?”

I can’t hold it in any longer. This is gonna be the best fuckin (no pun intended) night of my life...of **our** lives.

I let out a deep sigh and drop my hands into my lap. Buffy gets this worried look on her face and her hands fall on top of mine. She intertwines our fingers and the warmth of her touch warms my heart to the core. Yeah, I can’t believe I just said that either.

Fuck, she's turning me into such a pussy, and I've never been happier.

I sigh out and lift our hands to my mouth. I breathe in the scent of her skin, cherishing her warmth, memorizing her scent and I place a delicate kiss on the back of her hand. She lets out a content little sigh and squeezes my hand.

"That's nice baby."

I lift my eyes to her and smile softly as I kiss her hand again. She closes her eyes for a second to soak up the moment. When she opens them again, she returns my smile and my heart melts.

That girl could defrost the Antarctic with that smile.

I smile to myself at that thought and she quirks her eyebrow.

"Something you wanna say?"

I look into her eyes and take a deep breath.

Well, here goes everything.

"Buffy...I...I just want you to know how much I love you...okay?"

I watch and wait for her to nod. She does so I go on.

"Okay. So you know that I love you more than I could ever express with words and you know that I love you more than the air in my lungs, but...you don't **feel** how much I love you."

She opens her mouth to tell me some inner deep sappy shit about how she feels it every time I touch her, or every time I look in her eyes, or no doubt some other sappy shit like that, but I put up my hand to stop her before she can ruin my moment. Yeah, I'm an asshole. We've already established this fact.

She closes her mouth and slumps back a little. She stares at me intently, waiting for me to go on.

I take a deep breath cause I **really** don't want to fuck this up. I gotta say it just right so I don't come off as the asshole I know I really am.

"I know that you say you "feel" how much I love you by the way I hold you or by the way I look in your eyes, but that's not really **feeling** anything."

She raises her eyebrow at that one.

Uh-oh. Better tread carefully on this one Faith.

I swallow hard and struggle to continue.

"What I mean to say is...I know that you mean you feel it in your heart and that you don't need any physical contact to know how much I love you. I know that cause it's the same way

with you. I don't need to touch you or for you to touch me to know that you love me its just something I feel in my heart."

That earns a pleased smile and a dreamy look in her eyes.

Fuck...yes. Lay it on her real good Faith. Buffy is such a sucker for that sappy shit. I am so gettin' in them pants.

I smile internally at the thought, but I can't let it fuck me up now. I almost got her.

"But..."

The pleased smile and the dreamy look quickly vanish and her eyebrows raises slightly again. I swallow and search my brain for the right words. For the love of everything holy, please let me get this right.

"But...I want you to feel that...physically. I want to show your body how much I love you as well as your heart. I want your skin to feel mine against it. I want you to feel my hands on your body, telling it how much I cherish and worship it. I want your lips to feel mine giving them the undying devotion I feel in my heart and I want you to feel me deep inside of you, calling out to you, touching you in the most intimate of ways. I want to **be** with you in the most intimate of ways. It's not about sex, it's about me and you expressing our love. Forever connected, and never ending."

Fuck. I can't believe that just came out of **my** mouth. I can't believe **my** brain came up with that shit. But then, when I think about it, I know that it wasn't my mouth or my brain...it was my heart.

Buffy must think so too because she is suddenly on top of me kissing me so hard and so deep, I nearly fall off the back of the bed. Of course, I kiss her back and we both moan into the kiss. There ain't no way Heaven or Hell I ever expected Buffy to be this...aggressive. But, I gotta cool her jets...and mine. This ain't the way its supposed to go. She wants our first time to be special and that's what she is gonna get.

Probably making the worst mistake of my life, I lift my hand up and gently push Buffy away by the shoulder. She pulls away from me and stares into my eyes. I nearly cream myself right there. She has this intense fuckin' look on her face, she's breathing all hard, her pupils are dilated like a bitch and she is flushed with desire.

I am gonna regret this. I just fuckin' know it. Fuck. This love shit can be a real pain in the ass sometimes, but I know the pleasures make the pains all worth while. But that's later. Right now, I have more important plans.

I sit myself back up and Buffy falls back against the headboard. She throws her arm over her eyes and sighs out.

"Damn Faith. I'm sorry. It's just...after a speech like that...damn. I'm sorry."

I smile to myself and reach over to place my hand on her knee. She moves her arm and sets her eyes on mine.

“Its okay baby. Really. I just had to say all that before...”

I trail off and she sits up to be closer to me. She puts her hand over mine on her knee and strokes it gently. I let out a deep breath and stare into her eyes.

“I had to say that before I asked you something.”

She nods.

“Anything.”

I let out a sigh and pray that I can squeeze just a few more words from my heart. I stare into Buffy’s eyes deeply. For the first time in my life, I have no doubts about my love for this girl or her love for me. Some things are just meant to be.

I smile softly at her as I take my hand from hers and reach into the inside pocket of my jacket. Buffy’s eyes follow my every movement and her breathing turns shallow. She watches with a fixed glare as my hand disappears into my jacket and then emerges once again, but it ain’t no rose this time. This time it’s a little black velvet box and my hand is shaking now more than ever. I bring the box down to my other hand and grasp it tightly.

I hear Buffy’s breathing increase and my own heart pounding in my ears. I swallow hard and suddenly feel as though the Sahara has taken permanent residence in my throat. My Slayer hearing picks up the distinct sound of another rapidly beating heart and I know that she is waiting for me.

I take a deep breath and look up into her eyes. I see the beginnings of tears forming behind her eyes. I lift my thumb and wipe it under her eye before they can fall. I smile, she smiles and from somewhere deep within, I find the courage.

I take a deep breath and slide myself off the edge of the bed. She slowly turns to face me. She places her feet flat on the floor and puts her hands in her lap nervously. I take in another deep breath and bend down on my left knee. I hold the box up with shaky hands and slowly lift my eyes to meet hers. She is crying but she has a peaceful smile on her face. I take in one final shaky breath and slowly open the lid on the box.

I watch as her eyes get bigger and I can see the sparkle from the diamond shine in their perfect hazel hue. She lifts her left hand to cover her mouth as a sob emerges from her throat. I nearly start to cry too as I lift my hand and pull it away from her mouth. I hold it in my right hand and smile.

“Buffy Anne Summers, you would make me the happiest woman in the world if you would do me the honor of becoming my wife. Will you marry me?”

Another sob emerges from her throat and she fights it back. She smiles down at me and nods her head.

“Yes Faith. Yes, I will marry you.”

I feel as though my heart has wings. Buffy has no idea how happy she just made me, but I swear on my honor as the Slayer to spend the rest of my life making sure she always is.

I gotta remember that one. Buffy likes that kinda stuff, remember?

I slip my hand from under hers and use both hands to pry the ring from its box. It is beautiful, but it doesn't hold a candle to my girl.

I hold the ring in my left hand and reach out for Buffy's with my right. She smiles and slides her delicate hand in mine and I slip the ring onto her ring finger. The diamond sparkles and shines as she withdraws her hand from mine.

She pulls away and lifts her hand to her eye level. She just stares at it for a few moments before looking down at me.

"It's beautiful baby. I love it, and I love you."

She reaches out for me and I lift up to slide into my girl's arms.

We sit on my bed, in my room and hold each other tightly as the moment envelops us completely.

As I sit there and hold her to me tightly, kissing her face and head gently, I hear her softly crying into my shoulder, but I know they are tears of joy. The first of many, many more. I swear to you Buffy, from now on your life will be nothing but happiness and peace.

And then it hits me.

This is it. This is where **my** life and **her** life end...and where **our** life begins.

Buffy's POV

I can't believe this.

I'm engaged. To Faith. I'm engaged to be **married** to Faith.

I get butterflies just thinking about it...and yet...it scares the shit out of me.

What if I'm not a good wife? What if I can't do all the things a wife is supposed to do? What if I can't be the wife she needs me to be? What if I'm not what she wants in a wife? What if she marries me and then changes her mind? God, what if she doesn't want children? Cause I really do. Or what if I can't...keep her...satisfied? It scares the hell outta me to think that I can't. And what if...

"Buffy!"

I guess I musta zoned out into my own little world. Willow must have been calling my name for like the last ten minutes cause when I look over at her she's breathing kinda hard and her face is red like she's been yelling.

"What? Huh?"

She just smiles at me and sighs out.

"Already worrying and you haven't even said 'I do'."

She lays her head back against the roof and stares up at the stars with a chuckle.

After Faith asked me to marry her and we sat there holding each other for like an hour, she told me she was gonna go back out on patrol. I just smiled and nodded. She kissed me and then quietly slipped away. I laid back on the bed and stared up at my ring. That's when Willow came in to ask me how it went and that's when she saw my ring.

So, I told her what happened and then she cried. So, naturally, I cried too. Then we sat there holding each other and crying.

Many tears later, we came up here to the roof to watch the stars. Willow is the only other person I share this spot with. She the only other person I trust to share this spot with. It may sound stupid or whatever, but this is kinda...sacred to me.

Anyway, that's when I zoned out and that brings us to the now.

How does she always know what I'm thinking? The only other person that can see that deep inside me is Faith. That thought makes me smile, because despite all my fears, I know this is the right thing for us.

I bring my left hand up to my eyes and let the moonlight sparkle off my diamond. It shines in my eyes and I feel my heart overflow with happiness. I don't know what I ever did to deserve Faith or to be so happy.

As I'm lying here staring up at my ring and smiling, I hear Willow let out a sigh. It's her patent little 'I'm so sad...ho hum' sigh. I turn to look at her and place my left hand on her shoulder. My diamond sparkles and it makes me feel all giddy inside. God, I love my baby!

But, I push that out of my brain to bring comfort to my friend. I figure, she's done it so much for me lately, I kinda owe her one...or a thousand.

"Will?"

She turns her head to look at me and smiles a sad little smile.

I reach over and push a strand of hair from her eye.

"Will, what is it?"

She lets out another sigh and sits up, pulling her knees into her body. I sit up too and look over at her expectantly.

“It’s nothing. I mean, its something...but, I don’t want to ruin this for you. You deserve to be happy.”

She averts her eyes to the blanket and I can almost hear a whimper escape her throat. We’ve been through so much together, I can’t believe she thinks she can’t tell me. I reach over and lift her chin to make her look me in the eyes. I give her my best resolve face.

“Will...”

She lets out a deep breath.

“I’m jealous.”

I pull my head back and look at her with awe. She’s jealous? Of me?

“You’re jealous? Of me?”

She nods. I think about it for a minute.

“What the hell for?”

She reaches over and picks up my left hand. She pulls it to eye level and smiles.

“This.”

I can feel myself blush.

“Oh. Right.”

She drops my hand and falls back against the blanket with a loud thud. She covers her eyes with her arm and whimpers.

“Ugh. I am such a bad best friend. I should be happy for you, not jealous of you. I suck at this.”

I can’t help but laugh a little as I reach over and push her arm from her eyes. She opens them and looks at me. Her eyes are so deep and saddened.

“Will, its okay. Really, I’m not mad, but you really have no reason to be jealous of me. Kennedy loves you with everything she is.”

Willow nods lightly and licks her lips.

“Yeah, I know she does, but...it’s still not the same. I know I probably sound really selfish right now...but...”

She looks at me with a nervous grin.

“I want one too.”

I let out a chuckle and fall back onto the blanket. I lay my head on her shoulder and reach down for her hand. I entwine our fingers and let out a pleasant sigh.

“I know Will. I can’t believe how happy I am right now, and I really want you to know how that feels. You deserve it more than anyone. It’s kinda hard for me to believe this is actually happening to me. I mean, Faith doesn’t really come off as the ‘settling down’ type.”

We both share a little laugh then I hear her sigh again. So I squeeze her hand and snuggle into her shoulder.

“Don’t give up Will. Besides, Kennedy is out patrolling with Faith right now. You never know...that fiancé of mine can be **very** persuasive.”

I hear a chuckle rumble low in her chest and then she lets out a deep breath.

“Yeah. I know it’s not fair to Kenn. I mean, I can’t just expect her to propose just cause Faith did. I don’t want her to do it cause she feels pressured, I want her to do it cause she wants to. Its just...I’m ready to make that commitment. I want to spend the rest of my life with her, making her happy. Although, they do say that the sex goes down hill after marriage. Hmm.”

I feel myself blush again.

“What do you think Buffy?”

I can’t see it, but I know she’s grinning. I swat her on the arm.

“Not funny.”

She laughs a hearty laugh and then sighs out, but its not a sad one this time, so I guess that’s good.

It’s stuck in my head now. You know, the whole sex thing, and my earlier fears come flooding back. What if I can’t satisfy her? You know, sexually.

“Will?”

She shifts her legs and squeezes my hand.

“Hmm?”

I don’t know how to ask this. I mean, what am I supposed to say?

‘Hey Willow, I wanna know the best way to make Faith cum. How do you do it when you have sex with Kennedy?’ Yeah, I don’t think so.

“Buffy?”

Oh right.

“Umm...there’s something I need to ask you...but I don’t know how.”

“Just ask me. There’s nothing you could ask me that I wouldn’t answer.”

Okay, she asked for it.

“How do I make Faith cum?”

Willow starts to choke on her own spit. She starts coughing and wheezing and I lift myself off her shoulder so she can sit up. She sits up sputtering and shaking and I pat her on the back.

“You okay Will?”

She nods her head and fans her face with her hand.

“Y...yeah...I’m...I’m good.”

I can’t help the smile that spreads across my face. I knew she was gonna do that.

I give her back a final slap and she regains her breathing. She looks at me over her shoulder with wide eyes.

“Buffy!”

I look at her innocently and shrug.

“What? You said anything.”

She turns to face me and sits directly across from me with our knees touching lightly.

“Buffy, I thought those tapes woulda helped. Did ya not pay **any** attention?”

She gives me a knowing smile and I can’t help but blush.

“It’s not that I didn’t pay attention, I did. Its just...well, I only watched one...and it wasn’t very...informative.”

She’s laughing at me now. This is so **not** funny. I reach over and shove her on the shoulder. She falls back a little, but she’s still laughing.

“This is so **not** funny.”

She starts nodding as she tries to catch her breath.

“Yeah...yeah it is.”

I cross my arms and give her my best scowl, but it doesn’t last long. My smile sneaks it’s way through and I shake my head.

“Look at you. What kinda friend are you? Laughing at my pain.”

I sigh out and continue to shake my head. She finally catches her breath and places a gentle hand on my knee.

“I’m sorry Buffy. I’ll stop laughing, but that is just...”

And she laughs again.

I give her my best pout again and she wipes the tear from her eye as she settles down.

Okay. It wasn’t **that** funny.

I let out a sigh.

“So, are you gonna help me or what?”

She starts nodding her head as she takes in a deep breath and looks me dead in the eyes. She takes her hand off my knee and folds them in her lap. She leans in really close. I can see the blush already starting to form on her cheeks as she tries to find the best way to say it without babbling.

“Well, I can’t really tell you how to make **Faith** cum...but...I do know a thing or two that Kennedy happens to...**respond** to...very well.”

She starts to turn so red, I’m afraid she may spontaneously combust. She averts her eyes and starts to smile innocently. I try to fight it back, but a huge grin spreads across my face and I dip my head so she can see it. She shoves me back and lets out a giggle.

“Don’t do that.”

I shake my head and laugh.

“You are so easy to get, and what’s with the blushing? I wouldn’t think you would, seeing as how you just had sex with your lesbian lover in some 40 year old man’s bed, **while** your best friend and her girlfriend were right down the hall. No sense of morals, that’s what it is.”

She starts sputtering and sighing trying to find some kind of come back, but there just ain’t one for that. I nod and smile as her face contorts through expressions before she finally settles on defeated.

“Fine. You get that one. But, I do so have morals.”

She thinks about it for a minute and then a smirk spreads across her face.

“It’s just, when it comes to my very sexy, very **horny** lesbian lover, they tend to take an impromptu vacation. I mean, you try to say no when Kennedy has her tongue rammed down your throat and her hand so far down your pants, you...”

She realizes what she is saying and she looks up at me with wide eyes and shakes her head.

“Don’t even notice it.”

I give her a smirk and nod.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

She blushes again and then we both sigh out.

“Ugh...this isn’t helping Will. You’re supposed to be helping.”

She looks at me for a moment longer and then a soft smile spreads across her face. She lets out a deep breath and then nods.

“You better be glad I love you so much. I don’t share my secrets with just anyone.”

I return the soft smile and reach over to take her hand.

“I am, and I love you too. Now, spill it.”

She gets this sneaky look on her face and she raises her eyebrow.

“Okay. You wanna know how to make Faith cum so hard, she forgets her own name? Well then, sit up and pay attention, cause this is one lesson you don’t wanna forget.”

She gives me a smirk and I can almost swear I see her eyes sparkle with mischief. I swallow hard and my ears start to burn a little. I guess they are preparing themselves for the much smut that is about to commence.

I tuck my hair behind my ears and for the first time in my life, I am actually looking forward to learning. I watch as Willow licks her lips and smiles.

Oh...damn.

Something tells me Faith is gonna be one **very** happily married woman.

Faith’s POV

“Married? As in, ‘the vow of eternal commitment’...married?”

I look over and Kenn and nod with a smile.

“Yeah. That’s the one.”

She raises her eyebrows and nods.

“Damn.”

I just smile and shake my head as I come to a dead stop in the middle of the graveyard. My Slayer senses kick into overdrive and I can feel it in the tips of my fingers.

Vampires. And lots of them.

I reach out and place my hand over Kennedy's stomach to hold her back. She looks over at me with confusion. I nod in front of us and mouth the word 'Vampire'. She nods her understanding and reaches for the stake in her jacket.

If it was anyone else, I'd be worried right about now, but Kennedy's has proven more than once that she can hold her own. I've been training her and teaching her all the shit that my Watcher taught me. She's a quick learner and surprisingly strong for a 'normal girl'. Not to mention the extended stamina she seems to have, and I'm sure Red is more than happy about that one.

I smile to myself and shake my head. I'm such a perv.

But those thoughts are pushed into the back of my mind when the hair on the back of my neck starts to tingle.

This is about to get fuckin ugly.

I slip my hand into the inside pocket of my jacket and grip the stake there. I nod over to Kennedy and she nods back. I remove my hand that was resting on her abdomen and bring it down to my side. I pull it into a tight fist and silently start to count to three.

I turn around in one quick turn and embed my stake into the heart of the first bloodsucker. He lets out a feral growl and then he's blowin' in the wind. I smile and turn to face the next fucker.

He swings out at my head and I duck down to avoid it easily. His forward momentum keeps him going and I jump up behind him. I grab him by the shoulder and bring his face down onto my knee before flipping him over onto his back. I ram my stake through his heart and he's dust.

I pull myself back upright and look over to see how Kenn's doing.

She appears to be holding her own against two of the biggest fuckin vamps I've seen in a while, but it looks like there's a third one trying to get the drop on her from behind.

I smile and shake my head.

Not this time Pal.

I take off in a sprint. I jump over a headstone and run up the side of the mausoleum to get a flying kick in. My foot connects with the back of the third vamps head and he flies forward...right into Kenn's back. She lurches forward and I see something fall out of her jacket pocket. Her forward momentum takes her right into one of the vamps and her stake rams through its heart. She falls face first in the dirt as it turns to dust.

The second vamp sees it as an open invitation to an all you can eat and leaps onto her back. I drive my stake through the third vamp's back and flip over a headstone to land next to Kenn

and the vamp. I pull it back off of her by its collar and it goes flying back into a headstone. The headstone bursts into pieces and the vamp's knocked out cold.

I drop to my knee and put my hand on Kennedy's back.

"K? You alright?"

She lets out a grunt and pulls her face up out of the dirt. There's a cut over her right eye and the blood runs down the side of her face. Her face is blackened from the dirt and there is a bruise on her right cheek. She musta hit the ground harder than I thought. I keep forgetting she doesn't have the Slayer resilience that I do.

"Do I look alright?"

I let out a sigh.

"Not really. You look like shit."

She sits up and runs a hand through her hair. She winces when she pulls the skin too tight around the cut over her eye. I lean in to get a better look.

I pull back with a sigh.

"That's gonna need stitches."

Red is gonna kick my ass for this.

Kennedy lets out a sigh of her own and drops her hands to her sides. Her eyes get really big and she takes in a deep breath.

"Where is it?!"

I look at her with confusion.

"Where's what?"

She looks all around her and starts to panic.

"Where the FUCK is it?!"

Then I realize she's talking about that thing I saw fall out of her jacket pocket as she started to do a swan dive into the dirt. I jump up and run over to where I saw it fall. I bend down and pick up the box. That's funny. It looks just like...

"A ring box?"

Kennedy pulls herself to her feet and walks over to me. She reaches out and takes the box from my hand and stares down at it.

"Yeah."

I stare down at her and she lifts her eyes to meet mine. She smiles and lets out a deep breath.

“You have to be better than me at everything, huh?”

Well if this ain’t the biggest fuckin’ surprise.

I don’t know what to say, so I just stand there looking at her with a dazed expression.

She sighs out and walks over to sit on a headstone. She turns the box over and over in her hands as she stares down at it.

She was gonna propose to Red?

But I beat her to it with Buffy.

I let out a sigh and shake my head.

“Fuck K. I had no idea.”

She looks up at me with a nod and a smile.

“I know. It’s not your fault. I didn’t say anything and it’s not like it matters.”

I shove my hands in the pockets of my jacket and I walk over to hop up onto the headstone beside K.

“What do ya mean?”

She lets out a deep breath and stares off into the distance. She’s quiet for a long time and just as I’m about to say something, she speaks.

“I can’t do it.”

I knit my brow in confusion.

“What?”

She turns to look at me.

“I can’t ask Will to marry me.”

I shake my head.

“Why the fuck not?”

She gets this lost look in her eyes and she swallows hard.

“What if she says no? What if she laughs in my face? Or worse...what if she says yes?”

I just smile and shake my head. I reach over and take the box out of her hand. I open it to reveal the biggest fuckin diamond I've ever seen. My eyes get wide and I let out a whistle.

"Fuck. That's one helluva rock."

She smirks as she reaches over and takes the ring from my hands.

"Only the biggest for my girl."

I start to open my mouth and she lifts her hand.

"Don't even think about it."

She looks over at me and we share a grin. Her grin quickly fades and she stares down at the ring. I sigh out and place my hand on her shoulder.

"K?"

She lifts her eyes to meet mine.

"She loves you. I can't imagine why...but she loves you. Ask her. She'll say yes."

Her eyes get that lost look again.

"And when she does...you take the ring and place it on her finger. Then you marry her and spend the rest of your life making sure she knows that she is your Angel and there is no one else in the universe that loves her more than you."

She stares at me for a moment and then smiles.

"This better work cause if it doesn't...I'll kick your Slayer ass all the way back to Boston."

I smirk and nod my head.

"Yeah, sure you will. Come on, let's go home to our girls."

She nods and smiles as she tucks the ring back into her jacket.

I hop down off the headstone and she hops down after me. We start to walk off when I suddenly remember something.

"Hang on."

She stops and turns back to face me. I pull the stake from my jacket and walk over to the vamp that is still lying on the ground. I smile as I drive my stake into his chest. His eyes pop open and he let's out a shriek before turning to dust.

I flip the stake in the air and then tuck it back in my jacket. I smile as I walk back over to K. She shakes her head and sighs.

“You love this job, don’t you?”

I nod and smirk.

“You damn right.”

Buffy's POV

Well.

That certainly gives me a whole new meaning to the word "sex".

I didn't know that Willow even knew what those body parts were or all those...words. But, that's the reason I love her so much. She never stops surprising me.

I look over at her and smile as she tightens her arm around mine. We decided to take a walk while we waited for our girls to get back from patrol, and after the whole "sex talk" that Willow gave me, I thought I could use a little time to let it all sink in.

This is not just something a girl rushes into. Your virginity is the one thing that once you lose it, its gone forever and there ain't no coming back. I have to really think about this. I mean, am I really ready to give that part of myself away? It's the most intimate part of myself and I have to be absolutely sure that I'm ready to give that up before I decide one way or the other.

I've always told myself, no regrets. For as long as I live, I never want to have a single one. That's the main reason why I gave it a chance with Faith in the first place. I mean, I'm not stupid. I knew what people would say and the dirty looks we would get just walking down the street. But, in those moments when I'm just lying there and Faith is holding me, and I can hear her heart beating in her chest almost in sync with mine, I know that it's all worth it.

I know that if it wasn't for her, I wouldn't really be living at all.

That's why I want to be so sure about this. I don't want to just jump into it and then regret it later. It wouldn't be fair to me or to her. This has to be something that I'm absolutely and positively ready for. I'm so lucky to have a girlfriend...no, fiancé...that understands that.

I can hardly believe it. Faith is **my** fiancé. As in, the woman I am going to spend the rest of my life with. As in the woman who will be my wi...husband? Whatever. The woman who I am going to love for the rest of my life.

And I couldn't be happier.

I let out a dreamy sigh and lean my head against Will's shoulder.

She chuckles in her throat and lets out a sigh of her own.

"Happy?"

I nod my head.

"More than I deserve."

"No such thing."

I feel her arms wrap around my waist and she places a kiss on my neck just below my ear. I close my eyes and sigh.

"Hey baby."

I turn my head to the side and look up into her deep, dark eyes. Even after all this time together, I still got lost in their depths.

She has a soft smile on her face as she stares down into my eyes. Willow must feel uncomfortable in our "moment" because she silently pulls away from me. I fall into Faith's arms and we share a smile. She leans down to kiss me and it takes my breath away.

I'm still amazed at what her simple touch does to me. All that strength, and yet her touch is as soft and gentle as silk. I love this woman.

"I love you, Faith."

She looks down at me and I can almost swear I see a tear in her eye. She leans in and presses her forehead to mine.

"I love you, Buffy."

I love when she calls me by my whole name.

"Say it again."

She pulls back and smiles.

"I love you."

I shake my head and lift my hand to entwine my fingers in her hair.

"Not that. My name."

She leans back in and brings our lips to within a breath.

"Buffy."

She whispers it against my lips and then leans in to kiss me again.

I'm lost in the feel of her lips against mine, her hand on my hip, and her tongue stroking mine gently. It should be a crime to be so good at this.

I moan into her mouth and tighten my fingers in her hair, pulling her closer to me. She lets out a moan of her own and slides her hand from my hip underneath the hem of my shirt. I suck in a deep breath when I feel the light touch of her fingertips against my skin.

Kye – Losing It

She must take it as an invitation to go further because I feel her hand start to travel northward. I know it must seem that I'm nothing more than a tease, but I'm not. I just want to do this right. Is that so bad?

I reach down and place my hand over hers. She lets out a deep breath and pulls away from the kiss. She removes her hand from under my shirt and sighs as she stares down at her boots.

"I'm sorry. I'm shouldn't have...done that."

I let out a sigh of my own as I put my hand under her chin and pull her eyes up to meet mine.

"Faith? Stop saying that."

A sudden look of confusion washes over her face and I smile.

"Stop apologizing. It's starting to get old."

She takes a step back and shakes her head in confusion.

"But...I thought..."

I take a step closer to her and drop my eyes down to her belt. I reach out with a finger and lightly trace the golden 'F' in the middle of her buckle. I hear her take in a sharp breath and I look up at her through my lashes.

"You think too much."

I say in my deepest, sexiest voice.

I can't help but laugh at the look on her face. Her eyes are wide and she's kinda pale. She looks like she's having a little trouble breathing too.

I shake my head with a smile and drop my hand from her belt buckle to grab her hand. I entwine our fingers and lightly trace my thumb over the back of her knuckles.

"Let's go home. We need to talk."

I turn to lead her home and she follows right behind me.

Sometimes, I think she'd follow me to the end of the earth if I asked her.

And I wouldn't have her any other way.

Willow's POV

There they go again.

Sometimes it makes me sick how in love they are, and they sure don't care who knows it either.

I let out a sigh.

I shouldn't say that. I mean, Buffy is my best friend and I'm really happy that she has someone that loves her as much as Faith does. They deserve each other and all the happiness that they have together.

I know it's just my bitterness talking right now, and I know that's not fair either. I know I shouldn't resent Buffy because she has something that I want.

I just **really** want it.

I know that I sound like I'm jealous, and to be honest, I am. I probably shouldn't have told Buffy that though. It's not fair for me to take away from her happiness by making her feel guilty for having it. I know she cares about me and my feelings and I know Buffy is the kind of person that will put others before herself. That's one of the reasons everyone loves her so much. You can't help it.

To know her is to love her.

That's why I can't blame Faith for wanting to spend the rest of her life with her, and they deserve it. They really do.

I've never seen Buffy so happy.

"I wish I knew what that felt like."

I feel two arms encircle my waist from behind and then her presence invades my body and takes over my senses.

"Like what felt like?"

I turn my head to the side and she smiles at me before leaning in to kiss me gently.

She pulls away and I let out a content sigh before slowly opening my eyes. She's looking back at me with a strange expression. She's never looked at me like this before and I'm kinda worried.

"Kenn, sweetie? What is it?"

I turn in her embrace and wrap my arms lightly around her neck. I stroke the back of her neck gently with my fingertips and she lets out a sigh. She averts her eyes for a moment before taking a deep breath and looking back into my eyes.

"Will? I...ah..."

She swallows hard and I tighten my arms around her neck.

"Its okay, baby. You can tell me. Whatever it is."

I lean in and give her a gentle kiss. I pull away and she still has a worried expression on her face. I lean my forehead against hers and gently stroke her cheek.

"Kenn...please. Just tell me."

She lets out a deep breath and pushes me away gently.

I watch her intently as she reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a...

Ring box?

A ring box?!

My eyes widen and I think I'm about to hyperventilate.

Kennedy smiles up at me.

"Just breathe baby."

I nod my head and wave my hand in front of my face. I take a few deep breaths as I watch her slowly drop to one knee.

Oh Goddess. Oh Goddess!

She takes in another deep breath and looks up at me smiling. She reaches up with her left hand and I eagerly place mine in hers. She lets out a low chuckle and shakes her head.

"Okay. I've run over this a hundred times in my head, and at some point, I knew exactly what I wanted to say."

She swallows hard.

"But now that I'm actually here and have to do it, for some reason, I can't remember a single word. So, I'm just gonna say the first thing that I feel."

She pulls the lid to the box open and squeezes my hand gently.

"Willow, I love you more than anything and I can't even begin to imagine my life without you in it. I know that we are both young and that this is a very big step, but...I know that I will do everything in my power to make sure you never want or need for anything for the rest of your life. I'll love you until the day they write my name in stone."

Now, I'm crying.

"Willow...will you marry me?"

Oh Goddess...It seems my mind can't form even one coherent thought and put it into words, so I just nod my head and smile.

"Ye...yes."

There, I did it.

Kennedy shakes her head and lets out a deep breath. She pulls the ring from the box and slowly slips it onto my finger.

I look down at it in amazement as the diamond sparkles in my eyes.

"It's beautiful baby."

Kennedy raises to her feet and takes me into her arms. She hugs me tightly and whispers into my ear.

"I love you Willow."

I squeeze her tightly as I stare at my ring over her shoulder.

"I love you too. Forever."

I close my eyes and live in the moment.

Buffy was right.

And I can't wait to tell her.

Faith's POV

We're almost there.

I let out a content sigh as I look over at Buffy.

She just continues to stare straight ahead. She lets out a little sigh of her own and she leans her head on my arm.

I smile softly as I turn my eyes back ahead as we continue to walk in silence. I flex the muscle in my arm and I feel Buffy give my hand a gentle squeeze.

It's the moments like this that make life worth living and love worth loving. And I do. I love and live for Buffy.

Ah, damn. There goes that sappy shit again. I swear, this girl has turned me into the biggest pussy this side of the equator.

Ugh. I must really love torturing myself.

"Faith?"

"Yeah, baby?"

I let out a sigh and shake the last thought out of my head.

Buffy suddenly comes to a stop at the edge of my driveway, so I stop too. She has this look on her face like she is thinking about something real hard. I dip my head a little and smile.

"Hello? Earth to gorgeous blonde?"

She shakes her head and looks up at me with a big smile.

"Sorry, baby. Just thinkin'."

I interlace our fingers and tilt my head to the side a little. I give her my best 'interested' look.

"Bout what?"

She looks off in the distance for a second longer before shaking her head again. She closes the gap between us and lays her head against my chest. She takes in a deep breath and then lets it out slowly.

Okay. She's really starting to freak me out here.

I lift my hand and gently run it through her golden strands.

"Baby, you can tell me. What's on that beautiful mind of yours?"

Buffy pulls away from me and looks up into my eyes. She has a soft smile on her face and I can almost swear I see the beginning of tears in her perfect hazel eyes.

"I love you so much Faith. You make me feel so...you make me feel like a Goddess."

She just now figuring that out?

But she is...and she's **my** Goddess.

I pull B tightly into my body and look down at her. I give her a little grin as I wrap my arms around her waist.

"You are my Goddess, baby. You just now figuring that out?"

She smiles and shakes her head before leaning up and planting a soft kiss on my lips. When she pulls away, it takes me a second to regain the breath that she takes away every time she kisses me like that. I swear, one day I'm gonna forget how to breath again, and I'll die the happiest girl alive.

She leans her head against my chest again and I close my eyes with a sigh.

We just stand there for a moment, loving the feel of each other.

Then I feel Buffy pull away from me and take me by the hand. She doesn't say another word as she slowly and quietly leads me into the house and closes the door behind us, locking the dead bolt.

I stand behind her and watch as she takes off her jacket and places it on the hook. She turns to me and reaches for the lapels of my leather jacket. She doesn't say a word as she quietly slips it from my shoulders and places it on the hook next to hers.

She turns back to face me and smiles innocently. She leans up and gives me another quick kiss before letting out a deep sigh. She takes me by the hand once again and starts to pull me towards the stairs.

"Come with me."

I feel this pull inside of me and before I know it, I'm following her up the stairs. She runs her thumb against the inside of my palm as we walk up the stairs slowly and it sends a thousand sensations throughout my whole body. I really love this Buffy.

We get to my bedroom door and Buffy reaches for the knob. She turns it slowly and pulls me into the room behind her. She stands there for a minute facing the door with her back to me. Just as I am about to ask her what's wrong, I hear the lock click into place.

My pulse quickens and my throat is suddenly dry.

Buffy slowly turns to face me and leans her back against the door. She rakes her eyes over my body and I feel the flame in my groin start to spark. Just like it always does when she looks at me like this, but for some reason, this spark is stronger and **a lot** more...intense.

She pushes herself off the door and slowly starts to walk towards me. I'm frozen. Every nerve cell in my body is on fire, and yet I'm frozen in place. Her eyes bore into my as she approaches me seductively. She looks so fuckin' hot. I almost want to pinch myself just to make sure this isn't another one of my many a varied Buffy sex fantasies, but I'm afraid that if I do, it will be, and I don't want it to be.

I **really** don't want it to be.

Buffy comes to a stop directly in front of me. She looks at me and I can hear her as she swallows hard. Her actions soon turn from seductive to nervous and I watch as she lifts a shaky hand and places it on mine. She sucks in a deep breath as she slowly starts to pull our hands higher. She lets it out slowly as our hands get closer to our chests.

I suck in a deep breath of my own when she gently brings our hands to rest on her left breast. I can feel the heat of her skin through her top and how hard her nipple has become against the inside of my palm.

It feels so good. I don't ever want this moment to end, but as I look down into her eyes, I can see how nervous and how terrified she is. That's one look I never want to see from her again. So, I slip my hand from under hers and let out a deep breath. I walk over to the bed and fall down onto it with a deep sigh.

I run my fingers through my hair and bring my eyes up to meet hers.

I can see the tears silently falling down her cheeks.

Fuck. She thinks I'm rejecting her?

Shit. Way to go Faith. You fuckin' asshole.

I immediately push myself off the bed and rush over to her. I pull her into my arms and gently stroke her back as she cries softly into my shoulder.

"Baby, please don't cry."

She lets out a little sob.

"But Faith...I thought this is what you wanted. I thought **I** was what you wanted."

Fuck.

"You are what I want baby. You know that. There is no one else in this universe that I want besides you, and I do want...this. But not like this. Not when you are so...not if you feel like you **have** to, instead of you **want** to."

See? I'm learnin'.

Buffy pulls her head up from my chest and looks up at me through tear-filled eyes. The most perfect tear-filled eyes I've ever seen.

"You...you really mean that Faith?"

I run my thumb over her cheek to wipe away her tears. I smile down at her softly.

"Of course I do baby. There is nothing I want more than to make love to you...but not if it's something you feel you have to do with me. When we finally do make love, I want it to be because you want me and need me to know how much you love me, cause that's when I want to make love to you B. I want to express my love for you physically. I want to give myself to you and I want you to know that for the rest of my life, you are the only one I'll ever love. That's when I want this baby, and not a second sooner."

I'm gettin' really good at this sappy shit. I may just be able to pull this whole love thing off after all. With a teacher like Buffy, I know I can.

Buffy starts to cry again, but this time, they are tears of joy. She buries her face in my chest and my heart swells.

"Gwah...Fath...I wove woo so muchh."

I let out a little laugh.

"I wove you too B."

She pulls her head up from my chest and smiles. I let out a deep sigh and take her by the hand. I gently pull her over to the bed and I push her back onto it softly.

Her head falls back against the pillows and her eyes start to close sleepily. I smile and reach down to pull off her shoes. She lets out a content little sigh and I pull off my own shoes before crawling into bed behind her. I reach down and pull the covers up over us and then place my arm around her waist protectively.

She interlaces our fingers and pulls my hand tightly against her. I give her a gentle kiss on her ear and then I lay my head down beside hers.

I swear as long as I live, this is the only way I ever want to fall asleep.

With my Angel in my arms.

Buffy's POV

I can feel the sun beating down on my skin.

I smile to myself and stretch my arms above my head. I let out a low moan and open my eyes to take in my surroundings.

Faith's room. My baby's room.

I swear I could wake up to this for the rest of my life.

The sun catches the diamond on my hand and it sparkles in my eyes, and I am suddenly reminded that I will. For the rest of my life, I will wake up in her bed with her by my si...

I suddenly realize that Faith isn't by my side or even in the same room for that matter.

I sit up in bed and look around groggily. The clothes that Faith was wearing yesterday are lying on the floor and I can still smell the fragrance of shampoo and soap. She must have already gotten up and taken a shower. Was I really out that long?

I look over at the clock and see that it's already 10 AM. Even on a Saturday morning, that's late for me.

I start to push the sheet back off my legs when I hear the door slowly creep open. The smell of bacon, eggs, toast and apple juice suddenly overwhelms my senses and my tummy growls.

"Whoa. Sounds like someone might be a little hungry."

I watch in awe as Faith steps into the room balancing a breakfast tray in each hand. She looks over and meets my eyes with a warm smile.

My heart swells.

I smile at her as I push myself back against the headboard so she can place the tray over my lap. She smiles at me and leans in for a kiss. I can smell the shampoo in her still damp hair and the cologne that she wears as she leans over me to claim her kiss.

I inhale her scent deeply before she pulls away and walks around to take her place next to me in the bed. I watch her every movement.

She's wearing the leather pants that I gave her for Christmas last year and the white button up shirt that she got when we went to Beverly Hills.

That thing cost me 400 bucks, but it's worth every penny to see it against her skin, bringing out the dark hue of her eyes.

My baby is so beautiful.

"Baby, you are so beautiful," I say as she sits next to me.

She looks over and gives me a bemused glance as she pulls the tray onto her lap. She pulls her Docs up onto the bed and crosses her ankles. She leans her head back against the headboard and shoves a whole piece of toast in her mouth. She looks over at me and grins.

"Ugh, Faith. That's disgusting," I laugh.

I give her a little shove on her shoulder as I giggle to myself. Leave it to Faith to weasel her way out of a compliment with gross behavior. For some reason, she can't seem to take them.

I'll have to fix that, but for now, I want to enjoy breakfast in bed with my fiancée.

"That was really good baby."

I say to her as I push the tray from my lap.

Faith smiles over at me and gulps down the last of her juice before reaching over and taking the tray from beside me. She places it on the table beside the bed and turns back to face me.

She reaches out and takes my hand. She looks down at our hands as she runs her thumb over the back of my wrist and the top of my hand.

"Buffy I..."

She trails off and lets out a deep breath. I smile and place my hand on her thigh. I see her flinch and I can't help but enjoy it. Just a little.

She lets out another deep breath and then she pulls her eyes up to mine.

"Buffy, I wanna take you out today. I want it to be a day for just you and me. No interruptions from life long friends, no marriage proposals, no talks in a grave yard...nothing. Just you and me, together. Whadda ya say?"

Well, what can I say?

I smile and nod my head.

"Yes."

I see her get that familiar glint in her eye. The one where she's planning something really big, but doesn't want me to know. Then I see a huge grin spread across her face.

"Perfect."

She jumps up off the bed and walks over to her closet. She rummages around on the top shelf for a moment and then I watch her as she makes her way back over to me. She places a pile of clothes in my lap and pulls a new pair of shoes from under the bed. I look down at the clothes and then look back up at her with a raised eyebrow.

She grins.

"Consider it an early Christmas present."

She leans in and gives me one of her heart stopping kisses that only lasts for like a second, but is enough to make my toes tingle and my hair stand on end.

When she pulls away she nods her head towards the bathroom.

"Go get a shower and meet me downstairs in half an hour. I promise you baby, today will be a day that you'll never forget."

I can't believe how much I love her. She's left me speechless and all I can do is nod and pull myself off the bed.

I can feel her eyes on my ass as I make my way to the shower in her room and I do nothing to hinder her view. It makes me feel really good to know that she wants me so much. Makes me feel...beautiful.

I close the door to the bathroom with a light click and fall back against it with a sigh.

I wait until I hear her soft footsteps retreating and then her bedroom door closes softly behind her. I look down at the clothes in my hand and I can tell that whatever Faith has planned for today, it's gonna be big and she wants me to look my best.

It's a blue silk button up shirt that is slightly see through, a pair of black tailored jeans, and black lace lingerie. There is also a belt with the letter "B" emblazoned in silver on the buckle. To top it off, I have the black heeled boots waiting for me beside the bed.

That makes me smile. My baby always wants me to have the best.

I feel my heart pounding deeply in my chest and I can feel my throat begin to get dry. Faith is **really** starting to make it hard for me to hold out...but...after today...

I'm not so sure I'll want to.

Faith's POV

I don't know how much longer I can wait.

No, I ain't talkin' about the fuc...making love thing either. I'm talking about how much longer I can stay down here, thinking of B up in my shower...naked...her body covered in warm soap...the water dripping down between her breasts...dropping from her nipples...over her belly button...down to her pus...

Oh God!

I probably shouldn't have thought about that. It's not really helping the whole "waiting patiently" thing. I can't even tell you HOW much I want to just walk right up those stairs, burst into my bathroom, rip off all my clothes, throw Buffy against the shower door and make her scream so loud she'll lose her voice for a month...

Damn. Really not helping here.

I need something to occupy my mind...and my hands. I look around the room and I spot the perfect thing.

My Playstation 2. Buffy bought it for me on my birthday last year. My baby knows what I like, and she likes to sit behind me on the floor and run her fingers through my hair as I sit and play it for hours. Its another one of those quiet times we spend together. When there are just no words.

I love it.

I get up off the couch and head over to the entertainment center. I pull the game out of the cabinet and stick in my other birthday present, Madden 2004.

My baby **really** knows what I like.

I place the game in and turn on the power. I pull the controller out and take my place on the floor in front of the couch.

As I start to play the game, I realize it's not the same with out my baby here. I miss the feel of her soft fingers running through my hair and the way she would laugh softly when I'd curse at the screen.

Damn. I must really have it bad. I can't even play a video game without wishing she were here. I guess its just my luck I'm gonna have her for the rest of my life...and hers.

"Baby?"

The sound of her voice makes me smile. I turn my head and the controller drops from my hands and makes a loud thud against the floor between my legs.

She's beautiful.

She has her hair pulled back with a few strands framing her face. The blue silk shirt fits her every curve and there is a slight view of the black lace underneath. The black tailored jeans hug her hips and dip in the front just right. The black heeled boots give her a slight height advantage and the soft smile on her face makes her look just like an Angel.

My Angel.

"Bu...wha...you ah...loo-look...wow."

I'm speechless. Her beauty has left me without words and the soft, yet seductive smile on her face is making me warm...**all** over.

I stumble over myself as I try to pull myself to my feet. My hands get tangled under my legs and my legs get tangled in the cord to my controller. I don't think I need to describe what happens next.

Lets just say I have all the grace of a drunken sorority girl trying to find her top at a frat party.

NOT PRETTY.

I stumble over myself and fall flat on my face right in front of Buffy's feet. I look up at her with an embarrassed grin. The blood suddenly rushes from south to north and my whole face turns red.

But Buffy just smiles and shakes her head as she drops to her knees and meets my eyes. She smiles at me and reaches out to touch my cheek. Any feeling of embarrassment that I feel suddenly floods from my body and is replaced by the utter feeling of contentment I get every time she touches me.

Yeah, THAT sappy shit again.

"Baby...you look...you look...wow."

Buffy smiles at me and runs her fingers through my hair.

"Yeah, you said that already."

I give her a goofy grin and push myself to my feet. I let out a deep breath and run my fingers through my hair, willing my senses under control. Buffy slowly rises to her feet and smiles that sultry smile again.

I feel that familiar urge to shove her against the wall and make her scream out my name...but instead, I just smile right back and reach over to grab the black jacket I bought for her off the chair.

I hold it out and raise my eyebrow in question.

"Shall we?"

She smiles at me and places her arms in the jacket. I push it up over her shoulders and I smell the familiar scent of vanilla and honeysuckle. I close my eyes and will myself to gain control once again.

I walk over and grab my keys from beside the door. I extend my arm out to her with a smile. She walks over and places her arm through mine with a gentle smile.

I lead her out the door and into my Mustang Convertible, and yeah, I'm still payin' out of my ass for it.

I put the keys in the ignition and turn my head to look as I back out. I feel Buffy's hand slowly creep onto my thigh and I smile to myself as I place the sunshades over my eyes.

This is gonna be the best fuckin' day of my life.

And I mean that in **every** sense of the word.

I started the day with a trip to the San Diego Zoo.

It was something really simple and childlike, right up Buffy's alley. Not that she is childlike in **any** sense of the word, cause "Hello hot as hell with the brains to boot". I just mean it's the simple kind of pleasure that Buffy enjoys so much.

Oh, if she only knew...

I bought Buffy a huge stuffed bear with a huge red heart in it's hands that said 'I LOVE YOU BEARY MUCH'. It made her smile and it earned me a soft kiss. The kind that makes my toes tingle and my heart to beat in my ears.

After our trip to the zoo, I decided to take Buffy on a walk along the shoreline. We had our picture made in one of those cheesy picture booths that cost five dollars for a Polaroid of her in my lap with her head next to mine, soft smiles on our faces and the glint of true love in our eyes.

Damn. I hope I can remember that one. Buffy'll fall all over herself.

After we had our walk and took our picture, which Buffy placed in the bear's arms beside the heart, we went to a secluded part of the beach and I surprised her with a candlelit picnic, which we are currently enjoying.

"What did I ever do to deserve you?"

I look over at Buffy over the rim of my soda can. I raise my eyebrow and nearly choke as the coke slides down my throat.

"Wha...what?"

Buffy smiles at me and reaches out with her hand to wipe away the dribble of coke that landed on my chin.

"You heard me. I said, What did I ever do to have someone that loves me as much as you do?"

I put the coke can down on the blanket and turn to face her completely.

"Are you serious Baby? You're asking what **you** ever did to deserve me? I think the question should be what did I ever do to deserve **you** 'cause sometimes I don't think that I do." I drop my head to my lap and start playing with my fingernails. I hear her let out a little sigh and then I feel her hand under my chin, pulling my eyes up to hers.

She smiles at me and nods her head.

"Yes, you do. You do deserve me, cause we deserve each other. Faith, don't you know that there is not another living, breathing person on this planet that I could ever want, need, desire, or even imagine myself with besides you? I couldn't be with anyone else because I **can't** be with anyone else. It is physically impossible. I can't think of anyone else I'd rather..."

She trails off as she looks deep into my eyes. She runs her eyes over my body and then back to my eyes. She scoots closer to me with that seductive smile set in place. She places her hands on my shoulders and pushes back on them gently. I watch her with rapt attention, gazing deep into her sea of green as she pushes me back and places one leg and then the other over mine.

She eases herself down onto my lap and straddles my thighs with hers. I swallow hard and feel the arousal shoot straight down to my groin. She licks her lips and leans in to kiss me just below my left ear. I close my eyes and let out a groan.

Cause it feels fuckin' amazing.

The feel of her soft lips against my hot skin. Her hands running subtly over my shoulders. The heat from her groin baring down into mine. The feel of her strong thighs holding mine between her legs, and her soft tongue running over the shell of my ear.

I turn my head with a groan and latch my lips onto the base of her neck. She lets out a moan of her own and throws her head back. I take the opportunity to wrap my arms around her waist and pull her into me. I continue to lick and suck at the tender skin on her neck as her moans start to intensify.

God...she makes me so...horny. I know that if we don't stop now...we won't.

I pull away from her and smile to myself at her light whimper. I start to pull myself from under her and she grabs onto my biceps with the force of a grip I didn't know that she possessed.

I stop with my hands behind me and I look into her eyes with a questioning stare. She looks deep into my eyes and smiles at me just like the first time that I told her I love her.

"Faith...don't...don't stop. I don't want you to...stop. I want...I want you to..."

She trials off and lets out a sigh. She looks down and then back into my eyes. She leans in and brings her lips to mine.

"Faith...make love to me."

She whispers into my lips before kissing me deeply yet tenderly.

I feel my whole world collapse into a point, and that point is currently straddling my lap asking me to do the one thing to her that I've always wanted.

She wants me to make love to her, and I don't think there is anything else that I'd rather do in this very moment.

What the fuck am I saying? OF COURSE there isn't anything else I'd rather do. This is **the** fucking moment I've been waiting for since...forever.

But it suddenly dawns on me that we are on a blanket in the middle of the beach out in the open for anyone to see. Granted it is dark and there aren't any people as far as I can see, but I'm not too sure how B feels about her first time being on a pile of sand with the entire cast of The Little Mermaid looking on.

"Ah, B?"

I barely manage to pull out of the kiss. She slowly opens her eyes and I can see that they are glazed over. They are a much deeper green than I've ever known them to be and her pupils are dilated dramatically.

I swallow hard and suddenly, I know the answer to my own question, but I better check anyway. Just to be sure.

"Baby, are you sure? I mean...are you sure about it...here, and...now?"

Buffy takes in a few deep breaths to regain her composure. She smiles at me softly and runs her fingers through my hair.

"You are so considerate, baby."

Her fingers tighten in my hair and she pulls me to her forcefully. My eyes widen and my heart rate speeds up at her suddenly bold movement.

"But you can be considerate later. Right now..."

She leans in and licks my ear before whispering into it seductively.

"...I want you to make me scream."

Fuck. Fuck...fuck.

I think I just came. Right here in my jeans. On this blanket in the middle of a pile of sand, I just creamed my jeans and I didn't even touch myself...or her.

Yet.

Well, it's like I always say...I never can tell my Baby no...

I slide my hands up her sides and bring them to a rest on the top button of her blouse. I look up into her eyes and she answers my questioning gaze with a light nod and smile.

I take in a deep breath and it suddenly dawns on me that I am about to have everything that I've ever wanted. To love and to be loved in the best way, and there is no one else alive that I'd rather do it with than my baby.

I start to slowly pop open the buttons one by one on her blouse. As I work my way down, the material begins to fall away, exposing more of her soft and perfect skin to my hungry eyes.

I am so enraptured with her luscious skin and what I am doing that it takes me a minute to realize there is a light tugging sensation coming from the waistband of my pants. I somehow manage to tear my eyes away from her skin to look down at my lap.

That's when I see Buffy's hands working to undo my belt. The sight sends a shock of arousal from the top of my head straight down to the ends of my toes.

She gets my belt buckle open and her fingers search for the button on my leathers. I hear the sound of it popping open register in my ears and then I feel the tugging sensation once again as she slowly drags my zipper down. When my pants are completely open and the only thing between my pussy and B's hand is the tip of my shirt and the lace of my underwear, I look up into her eyes and try to convey to her what she is doing to me in this very moment.

She is smiling down at me and I think she knows.

She lifts her hands and places them over my hands that are currently resting on the waistband of her jeans. I had gotten to the last button of her shirt and it is completely open now, exposing her half-naked torso to the cool night air and to my appreciative stare. I can feel the goose bumps on her skin rubbing the back of my fingers and it makes me shiver.

Buffy takes my hands in hers and lifts them up to her lips. She kisses the back of each of my hands and then looks deep into my eyes as she lowers them to her breasts.

At the first touch of her perfect mounds, I lose all sense of reality. I let out a deep moan and squeeze the supple flesh in my hands. That in turn makes B let out a moan of her own.

It turns me on beyond anything I've ever felt before.

I start to massage and pull at her flesh beneath her bra. Buffy lets out a gasp when I pull at her nipples and then she breathes out my name.

"Faith..."

It makes me moan. To hear her say my name like that, and to see her head thrown back in ecstasy...its almost enough to make me come...but not nearly enough to satisfy my need for her.

I lean into her and place my lips on her belly button. I swirl my tongue in her navel as I continue my assault on her breasts.

"Faith..."

She weaves her fingers through my hair and holds onto me with all her strength.

"Faith!"

I finally realize she has been trying to get my attention, so I stop all movement and look up at her, awaiting to meet her every wish and desire.

"I want your mouth on me...now."

Fuckkkk.

I let out a groan and watch through half-lidded eyes as Buffy reaches behind herself and pulls the snaps to her bra open. The black lace falls from her skin and her breasts are completely exposed to my eyes.

They are perfect. Even better than I imagined them to be. They are soft and perfectly round, with smooth skin topped off with the most perfect pink nipples that are currently hardening under my stare. She still has her blue silk shirt on and the contrast of the color against her bare flesh makes her even more beautiful.

But before I can tell her how perfect she looks, I feel her place her hand on the back of my head and the next thing I know her nipple is in my mouth and I can feel it swell into arousal around my tongue.

B lets out a deep moan and so do I.

My instincts kick in and I start to suck on the nipple very softly. I bring my right hand up to cup her breast as I continue to lavish it with my mouth and my tongue. Buffy's fingers tighten in my hair and she pulls me even closer. I feel her flesh around my mouth and against the skin of my face.

It drives me in-fucking-sane.

I want to feel her around me...someplace more...

What the hell am I saying?

I want to feel her pussy around my fingers. I want to feel it convulsing against my skin as she rides me into ecstasy.

What? I've got a lot of tension to release here. What did you expect? Poetry?

Ha. Don't think so. I'll save that for **after** the greatest night of my life.

But as for now, I'm gonna make Buffy the happiest, most satisfied woman every to grace the realm of ecstasy.

Just in case you're wondering, I heard it on a movie once, and I always wanted to say it.

I pull my mouth away from its place on Buffy's breast and I reach down with my hands to the waistband of her jeans. I start to unbuckle her belt with shaky hands. I swallow back the lump in my throat and look up into Buffy's eyes. She is gazing down at me with such love and trust that it almost feels like my heart will leap out of my chest.

I can't even begin to explain what that look means to me.

I start to pull the buckle up and undo the clasp. I hear Buffy take in a few ragged breaths and then her hands come down to rest on my forearms. I look up in fear that she has changed her mind again, but I only meet her soft smile and waiting gaze.

She's waiting for me. She wants me to do this. After waiting for so long...its finally here. The moment our lives are going to change forever.

I pull her buckle free and work on the button. It pops open with little effort and then I slowly pull down her zipper. When I have it all the way down, I look up at her once again.

Buffy smiles down at me and places her hands behind my head. She starts to lean backwards off my lap and she pulls me down on top of her.

I fall onto her with a light sigh and she lets out one of her own. I gaze down into her eyes and feel my heart get lost in their deep green depths. I lean in and kiss her with all the love and awe I feel inside right now and I hope she knows what this moment means to me.

She laces her fingers through my hair and pulls my body down onto hers. My shirt rises a little and I can feel the soft touch of her belly against mine. We both let out a moan at the contact, but its not enough. For either of us.

Buffy's hands work their way out of my hair and onto the collar of my shirt. She starts to tug at it and I get what she wants.

I reluctantly raise myself off her a little and start to undo the buttons on my shirt. I stare down into her eyes as I struggle to pull them through the holes. Buffy just smiles up at me and starts to run her hands over the exposed flesh of my stomach that is visible where my leathers are sagging off my hips.

She runs the back of her fingers over my stomach before dragging her fingernails back up over my flesh. It sends a gentle wave of arousal through my whole body.

I finally get to the last button and I pull it from the hole. I pull my shirt back off my shoulders and discard it to the side. Buffy takes in a deep breath and I watch as her eyes trail from mine, over my breasts and to the rapidly flexing muscles of my abdomen.

My breathing has increased considerably and I watch as hers does too. She's watching the muscles twitch and expand under my skin. Then she lifts her hands and runs her fingers over each one.

Just the touch of her fingers on my skin takes me to Heaven. My flesh burns where she touches me and I feel as though it will consume me from the inside out.

"Buffy..."

I softly whisper her name before lowering myself back onto her body.

I place my arms on either side of her head and start to run my fingers through her hair lightly. I smile at her and she smiles back.

"Are you sure about this Baby?"

Buffy runs her hands over the muscles in my back. She lets out another moan when she feels them twitch and bend from her touch.

I take in a ragged breath as I feel her hands slowly traveling lower on my back.

I close my eyes at the sensation and the breath turns into a moan when I feel her slip her hands under the waistband of my leathers. Her fingers dig into the muscles of my ass and she pulls my groin roughly against hers.

I open my eyes and look down into hers. She smiles up at me with a glint in her eye.

"What do you think?"

I smile down at her and lean in for a kiss. She leans up to kiss me, but I pull my head back and latch onto her bottom lip. I pull on it before letting it fall back. Before she can react, I shove my tongue in her mouth and she moans into mine.

I start to grind my hips down into hers. She lets out a strangled moan and then sucks in a deep breath.

I grind down harder into her and she breaks away from the kiss to throw her head back with a loud moan.

"Fuck...Faith..."

Oh yeah. NOW she's feelin' it...but not enough.

"B?"

Buffy struggles to pull her head back up and look into my eyes. When she does, I can see how large her pupils have become and I know that this time...she wants...no...needs...it just as bad as me.

"Baby...I want to feel all of you."

I see a brief flash of panic in her eyes. So I lean down and kiss her gently. I run my tongue over her lips and kiss her jaw. I pull away and look deep into her eyes.

"Don't be scared Baby. It's only me."

I can see her relax from my words. She lets out a little breath and nods with a soft smile.

"I know Baby. That's what scares me."

I pull my head back and look down at her a little confused. She lets out a deep breath and smiles kinda sheepishly.

"I just don't want you to be...to be disappointed. What if I'm not everything you've been waiting for? And what if I'm not...good? What if I can't make you...? And what if..."

I stop her babbling with another soft kiss. I let it linger this time, but its nothing more than soft.

When I pull away I see her eyes flutter open slowly. I smile down at her and she blushes.

"No more 'What ifs' Baby. There is no way you can disappoint me. You will be **more** than everything. You're gonna be incredible, and believe me...I WILL."

I smile my patented grin and she blushes a deeper shade of red. I run my fingers through her hair.

"Okay?"

She thinks about it for a second and then she smiles.

"Okay."

I start to reach down to the waistband of her jeans and her hand comes down over mine. I look up at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Just...be gentle. I trust you, and I love you. I just...be gentle. Please?"

I smile down at her as I feel my heart swell again.

"Of course, Baby. I wouldn't have it...or you...any other way."

Faith's POV

She smiles up at me and removes her hand from mine. She grabs me by the back of my head and pulls my lips to hers. She kisses me deeply and we both moan as I slip my hand down to her stomach. I tug at her jeans and work them down to her knees.

She lets out a giggle through the kiss as I struggle to push them further down. I pull away and mock scowl at her before grinning. I raise my eyebrow with a smirk and slowly wiggle down her body. Her back arches slightly when I kiss my way down to her navel.

I swirl my tongue in her belly button as I slide my hands down her thighs to the top of her jeans. I push them all the way to the top of her boots before they get stuck again.

I raise myself off of her and reach down to pull her boots off one by one. I look up at her with a smile when they are both off and discarded. She looks down at me with a smile of her own as she lightly rests her hands on her stomach.

She's so beautiful. My B. My everything.

"You're so beautiful Baby."

Her smile softens and she turns her head slightly.

"So are you Baby. So are you."

I smile at her as I place my hands on her jeans and pull them from her body. She lets out a deep breath when she is lying before me in nothing but her lace panties and the silk shirt.

I suddenly feel over dressed.

I slowly rise to my feet, never breaking our eye contact.

She watches me intently as I raise my hands to the straps on my bra and slowly lowers them. I reach around to my back and pull the clasp free. Buffy takes in a deep breath when it falls away from my body, exposing my breasts to her gaze. My nipples instantly harden and its not just from the cool breeze I suddenly feel.

I place my right foot to my left one, heel to toe, and step out of it. I repeat the process with the other one before lifting up each foot and pulling off my socks. I swagger a little bit and B chuckles. I just smile at her amused as I place my hands on the waistband of my leathers.

"Wait."

I stop the movement of my hands at the sound of her voice. I watch as she rises to her feet and steps in front of me. She places her hands over mine and looks deep into my eyes.

"Let me."

I swallow hard and nod as I drop my hands away.

Buffy places a hand on each side of my pants and pulls them downward. She drops to her knees so she can pull them off my feet. I step out of each leg and she pulls them away.

She slowly trails her eyes up over my thighs to the matching pair of white lace underwear.

Black for her and white for me. Seems kinda backwards, huh?

I just couldn't resist.

The sudden feel of Buffy's hands on the tender skin of my thighs jolts me out of my current thoughts. I look down at her and she has her eyes fixed on the lace underwear, or more precisely, what's under the underwear.

She slowly pulls her eyes up to mine. She swallows hard again.

"Faith? I don't think I'm gonna know how to...to...do it."

Damn. Could she be any more perfectly...perfect?

I smile at her as I reach down and pull her up to eye level. I ease the shirt back off her shoulders and it slowly floats to the ground beneath our feet. She lets out a little gasp and I smile softly as I lift her up into my arms. She sighs out softly and smiles at me as we gaze deeply into each other's eyes.

"Let me show you," I whisper to her and then slowly lower us back down onto the blanket.

She falls back onto the blanket softly and I cradle her head as she settles in again. I lean down and kiss her tenderly, conveying what this means to me, what **she** means to me.

Our skin makes perfect contact and we sigh out at the same time. She runs her hands softly over my back and down to my ass. She gives it a light squeeze and I'm starting to wonder if maybe she has a little fixation.

But it suddenly doesn't matter when I feel her pull my tongue into her mouth and suck on it lightly. She knows what that does to me, and this time is no different.

My nipples harden once again and she lets out a moan as they press down into her flesh. I feel hers harden also and I suddenly want them in my mouth.

I break away from the kiss and trail my tongue down over her jaw, over the hot flesh of her neck to the hollow between her breasts. I nip and lick the tender skin there, causing her to moan loudly.

A cool breeze from the ocean washes over my back and my skin prickles. I'm really starting to feel it now, and so is Buffy. I can feel the damp spot on my stomach where it is pressing into her pussy.

Fuck. It feels soooooo good.

"Fuck Baby. You feel so good."

I barely manage to whisper it through my kisses. Buffy only moans her approval as I latch onto her left nipple.

I pull it into my mouth and suck on it gently. I swirl my tongue around it and caress it. It swells and hardens to an impossible peak in my mouth.

B trails her hands up my back and onto my head. She weaves her fingers through my hair and pulls it tighter against her breast.

I let out a deep moan against her breast. The sweet smell of her flesh floods my senses and the soft feel of her skin against my face makes me moan again. Really loud.

She's forcing my mouth tighter against her breast and it drives me insane. I try to pull my head back to switch to the other breast and her grip tightens around my head.

Whoa. I guess my Baby knows what she wants and ain't afraid to show it.

But I use my Slayer strength to pull myself out of her grip. I hear her let out a whimper of protest and I smile. She slowly opens her eyes to see why I stopped. I look down at her and try to convey to her how much I love her and that I would never hurt her.

"Baby? You ready?"

I can see that panic flash in her eyes again. I let out a little sigh and caress her breast softly with my hand.

"I won't hurt you. I swear. I'd never hurt you. I would die first."

She thinks it over for a fraction of a second and then nods with a soft smile. She blinks her eyes slowly and runs her tongue over her bottom lip.

She looks so sexy lying underneath me and I suddenly have the overwhelming urge to be on her...in her...with her.

I wait for any sign that she isn't ready and when I don't receive one...I slowly slide my body down the length of hers. I trail soft kisses down her flesh, stopping to swirl my tongue in her navel cause I know how much she loves it.

She lets out another moan and places one hand on my hand while the other one seeks out my left hand. I feel her slide her fingers through mine and she entwines them firmly together.

My Baby wants some intimate contact, and if that's what she wants...that's what she's gonna get.

I give her hand a little squeeze to let her know I'm still here with her. She lets out a little sigh and I know that she's ready, completely.

I work my way down to the hem of her lace panties. I stop for a moment to admire the contrast of the black lingerie against her fair skin.

She really is beautiful.

I place a light kiss on her stomach where the waistband meets her flesh. I feel the muscles ripple and jump under my lips. It makes me moan and my need for her increases.

I slide my tongue down over the crotch of her panties until I reach the center. I suck lightly on the fabric there and I suddenly feel it rise beneath my lips. I suck lightly on her clit through the lace and I can feel her thighs tremble against my shoulders.

She lets out a deep, throaty moan and I slide my right hand up and over her thigh. I place her left thigh over my shoulder and she catches on, placing her other one over my left shoulder.

I give her hand another gentle squeeze before slowly trailing my other hand up over her thigh to the waistband of her panties. I take in a deep breath and suck in her scent as I slide the panties down and over her thighs.

I break the contact with our flesh just long enough to pull her panties over her knees and from her body.

I can't fucking breathe.

I'm looking down at her pussy for the first time...and it takes my breath away.

It's so...perfect. She has it trimmed just right and I always wondered...but B is definitely a natural blonde.

It's really wet too. I can see her essence just dripping out. It's seeping from her like honey from a B hive. Yeah, I know what I said, and I can't wait to taste just how sweet she really is.

I lower myself down to her slowly. My mouth starts to water and my throat aches in anticipation of what is about to come.

When my lips come into contact with hers for the first time, I lose what little grip I had left on reality.

Her clit is hard and swollen and I can feel it throbbing against my lips. Her pussy is so wet, it floods into my mouth and I drink it down greedily.

I run my tongue up her slit and capture her essence on my tongue. I want to savor it. I want to permanently burn it into my taste buds.

I swirl my tongue around her clit and she lets out a moan.

"Oh Faith...Baby...your tongue feels so...good."

Her thighs tremor against my shoulders and she clamps her fingers down on my scalp.

I pull her clit into my mouth and suck. Hard.

Buffy's hips fly up off the blanket and she starts to ride my mouth. I reach up and gently force her hips back down to the blanket.

"Fuccck...Faith...."

I pull my mouth away from her pussy and look up at her. I can see the fine sheen of sweat all over her body and it makes her flesh shine in the moonlight.

After a few moments of her realizing I've stopped, she opens her eyes and looks down at me with a questioning glare.

"Baby...I'm gonna put myself inside of you now. Is that okay?"

She swallows hard and I can hear her heart beat speed up in her chest dramatically.

"Umm...is it gonna...hurt?"

I nod my head lightly. I remember my first time, but it only hurt for a minute or two...then it was...

Fuck. What am I saying?

I was fucked up back then and I don't want to ruin this for us.

Way to go Faith. You stupid fucker.

"Faith?"

I'm once again pulled out of my thoughts by the sound of B's voice.

"Yeah Baby?"

She looks down at me and swallows.

"I said..."

I nod again.

"Yeah Baby. Its gonna hurt, but only for a minute. I told you, I won't hurt you. Not for anything in this world, and if it hurts you too much, just say the word and I'll stop."

She smiles and runs her fingers through my hair.

"Okay Baby. Do it. I want you inside of me."

I close my eyes for a moment and let her words sink in.

God. If she only knew what she does to me with just her words.

I pull myself back on top of her so I can gaze into her eyes. She looks up at me with complete love and trust. Her eyes shine up at me from the moonlight and I feel as though in this moment, we are one.

I place my left arm around her head and cradle it softly. I slide my body against hers gently and I place my legs between hers, entwining our feet.

She lets out a little ragged breath and I can feel her heart beating rapidly against my chest.

I gaze down into her eyes and try to convey the love and trust I have for her. I want her to feel that I won't hurt her and that this moment means more to me than any other in my life.

"You ready Baby?"

She lets out another little breath and nods her head with a smile. I return the smile and slowly lower my head to kiss her gently, but passionately.

I start to slowly trail my right hand down her chest, over her breasts, past her rib cage, over her belly button until I reach the apex of her legs.

I rub her there gently, dipping my finger between her lips before pulling it out to rub her softly again.

Buffy lets out a series of light moans and gasps as I caress her softly. I pull her clit between my thumb and forefinger and massage it tenderly. She breaks away from the kiss to suck in a deep breath. Her eyes close and she leans her head back.

I rub and massage her for a few more minutes. I want her to be so wet, I'll just slide right in.

I lean down and kiss her earlobe before pulling it between my teeth and nibbling softly.

"You wet enough Baby?"

I kiss the side of her neck just below her ear and continue a soft trail all the way down. Her fingers clamp down on the muscles in my ass and she pulls me closer. It makes me groan.

She's ready.

"Baby...open your eyes."

I want her to look at me for this.

It takes her a second, but her eyes eventually flutter open. She looks up at me and I look down at her.

"I love you Buffy. With all my heart...for the rest of my life."

She gets a tender smile on her face.

"Me too."

I smile back at her and raise my hand to the top of her pussy. She feels the adjustment and her muscles tense. I rub her tenderly, letting her know I'll be gentle. I feel her relax under my touch, and I know it's finally time to be one with her.

I slowly move my hand over her mound, getting closer to her awaiting opening. I slowly slide my finger through her slit and into her hole. We both moan out at the contact. She is so wet for me, it makes me wetter.

I push my finger in a little further and I feel it break past the first ring of muscle. Buffy's eyes squint in slight pain.

"You...you okay...baby?"

B nods her head and closes her eyes. She swallows hard and grips onto my bicep tightly.

I push my finger in a little further and I feel her stretching to accommodate me. Buffy takes in a deep breath and it pulls me into her deeper.

I let out a low moan and bury my face in her neck.

I start to pull my finger out...and then slide it back in. B lets out a little whimper of pain, and then it turns to a moan of pleasure. She turns her head to the side and latches onto my neck with her mouth.

She sucks hard on my flesh and I can feel shocks of arousal shoot through my body. I'm so wet for her. I wish she'd touch me.

"Buff...Buffy..."

She doesn't know what she's doing to me.

Buffy lets go of her hold on my neck and her back arches up off the blanket. She lets out a low moan of my name.

"Faith...Faith...Faith..."

It drives me wild. To hear her say my name like that...

"I n-need...mo...more..."

Fuck...

I take my finger out and add another before sliding it slowly back in. Her grip on my bicep gets even tighter and she starts to tremble.

I speed up my pace working myself in and out of her faster. Her hips fly up off the blanket and she starts to ride my hand. I capture her lips with mine and kiss her hungrily. I can feel her starting to spasm around my fingers.

She's gonna come. Hard.

I break the kiss and look down at her beautiful face as she starts to come around my fingers.

"Op...open your e...eyes Baby."

I want to see those beautiful greens in her moment of ecstasy.

Buffy's eyes slowly flutter open and she looks up at me through her short, rapid breaths.

I look down at her and smile; my own breathing slightly increased. I can feel it starting to build inside of me. The tension in my belly is mounting and she hasn't even touched me.

I guess that's what it means to make love.

We look deeply into each other's eyes and I feel it. My orgasm is ripping through every muscle in my body, bringing me to the heights of ecstasy.

Buffy throws her head back and lets out a scream. I can feel her pussy convulsing around my fingers rapidly. She's coming so hard, it's dripping down my wrist onto my forearm.

I keep pumping her slowly, drawing out her orgasm. It only heightens my own.

In this moment, we are one.

I finally feel her stop convulsing and she lets out a deep breath as she falls back against the blanket. The last tremor gently leaves both of our bodies and I collapse on top of her, both of us breathing heavily.

I start to pull my fingers out of her, and she grabs my wrist. I look down into her eyes and I know without words what she wants.

She wants me to stay inside of her. She wants to be connected for just a little longer.

And its like I always say...I never can tell my Baby no.

I drop my head to her chest and she entwines her fingers in my hair. She takes in another few deep breaths to regain control over her body. I feel her body jerk lightly with a few after tremors and then she lets out a deep, slow breath.

I feel her kiss the top of my head gently and she pulls me close to her. I listen to the sound of her heart beating against my ear and my heart adapts to the pace.

We are just lying here, being with each other. Loving each other.

I have finally found the other half of my soul...and I'm never letting go.

Buffy's POV

Amazing. Ecstasy. Wonderful. Consuming. Powerful. Beautiful. Perfect.

Those are the words that I would use to describe what just happened.

Faith and I just made love.

And it was the most beautifully perfect moment of my life; of our lives.

But now we are currently driving back to her house. It's still dark outside. I think it's like 10 or something. It doesn't matter what time it is though, cause right now, time doesn't matter. All that matters is me and her, together.

If I would have known that it feels like this, I woulda done it sooner. Nah, I wouldn't. I knew that I had to be ready for this, and I was. More than ready actually. I had been denying her too long. I had been denying MYSELF too long, and after today, I couldn't deny us any longer. I'm glad that I didn't, because now I know that there is nothing or no one in Heaven or Hell that can tear us apart.

We are one, and we are perfect.

"B?"

I look over at her at the sound of my name. She's just smiling at me as she drives down the road quietly.

"You wanna stop by your house on the way to mine? Get some new clothes or something?"

I think about this for a minute. Do I really want to be an inch away from her for more than a second?

"Only if you hold my hand."

She gets this disbelieving look on her face, and then she smiles.

"You read my mind baby."

We pull into my driveway and Faith shuts off the engine. The house is silent and dark. No one's home. Mom is still on her trip for the gallery and I forget where Dawn is. Not that I care all that much. I don't mean that. I do care, just not at the very moment because Faith is currently running her hand up and down my thigh.

I look over at her and raise my eyebrow.

"You keep that up and we'll never make it outta this truck."

She raises her eyebrow and grins.

"Is that necessarily a bad thing?"

I think about this for a minute. Then I realize that I don't want the second time that I make love to her to be in the back seat of her SUV.

I place my hand over hers and entwine our fingers.

"Come on, I'm kinda tired and I wanna get back to yours before the sun comes up."

She lets out a fake sigh and nods.

"Fine. I don't need my lovin'."

I give her an evil glare as I open the door and hop out. I hear her door shut and then her hand in mine.

We walk up the driveway in complete silence and I lean into her warmth. I rummage around in my pocket when we get to the front door and I open it quietly. I'm not too sure why, but I do.

I place the key back in my pocket and Faith shuts the door behind us gently. We head up the stairs to my room and I suddenly realize that maybe this isn't such a good idea. Me and Faith...alone...in my house...in my bedroom...with a bed...when no one is home...that's just WAY too tempting.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that I only wanted to make love once and that's all she gets. I'm not crazy you know. I just don't want to cheapen it by having sex in my bed when no one's home like we gotta sneak around to do it or something. I want and very much plan to have lots more sex in many and varied ways with my girl, just not like...that.

I turn to her and place my hand on her chest. She looks up at me like I just scalded her.

"Why don't you wait out here? I'll just be a...minute."

She looks at me like I'm speaking Chinese or something. She quirks her eyebrow and smiles.

"Very funny."

She starts to push her way into the room and I push her back lightly. She looks down at my hand on her chest and then back up into my eyes.

"You're serious, aren't you?"

I nod my head and swallow back the lump in my throat. I really hope she's not thinkin' what I think she's thinkin'.

She steps back from me and folds her arms over her chest with a huff.

"Well, ain't this just fan-fuckin-tastic? Here I am worried that you're gonna think that now that I finally got some, I'm just gonna up and run like it was nothing. When in actuality, you're the one doin' the running."

She steps closer to me and stares me down. It chills my bones.

"Tell me B, is that all it was? A cheap fuck in the sand and then 'See ya later'?"

Okay. THAT was uncalled for, and before I realize what I'm doing, my hand comes into contact with her face.

I slapped her...again.

I'm getting pretty good at this.

She slowly turns her head back to look at me and lets out a low, deep breath. Her eyes flash that predatory glare she gets right before a kill, and then as quick as it appears, it's gone.

Faith lets out another deep breath and takes a step back.

"I'm sorry Buffy. I shouldn't have said that. I hope you know that I didn't mean it."

And she's getting pretty good at that.

I let out a sigh and run my hand over my face.

"Baby, lets not do this anymore. You say stuff and then I say stuff...then I slap you and then you apologize. It's getting old. Not to mention painful."

I lift my right hand and rub my palm with the other. Slapping a Slayer hurts you more than it does her.

Ouch.

She stares at me for a second more before letting out a low chuckle. She pulls me into her arms and embraces me gently.

"Yeah baby, I know."

She rubs my back gently and kisses the top of my head.

"You know, for a girl, you hit kinda hard."

She pulls away from me and rubs her cheek. I smile up at her and poke her in the stomach.

"And don't you forget it."

We share a smile...and then a kiss.

So I got some clothes and my favorite sushi jammies and now we are currently sitting at Faith's kitchen table. She got a case of the late night munchies and so did I. So I made us each an omelet...or should I say I made myself an omelet and I made Faith enough omelet to feed half of California.

It was so cute. She was standing by me while I was making it and every time I cracked one egg and tried to stir it, she'd nudge my arm and whimper, so I added another. Fourteen eggs later, she was satisfied.

Fourteen for her...and three for me. Hey, I'm a growing girl too. Not to mention the fact that making love on a beach can really take a lot outta you.

I smile to myself.

"What's so amusing?" Faith says around a mouthful of omelet.

I just look up at her with innocent eyes and place another forkful into my mouth very slowly. I shake my head and play with the rest of my food on my plate.

"Oh, nothing."

She takes a big gulp of her chocolate milk and stares me down.

"There's something in that head of yours Summers."

I just look at her all innocently.

"Who? Me?"

She smiles at me and then places another huge forkful of omelet in her mouth.

"You just wait til I'm done...I'll get it outta ya. One way or another."

Oh...the possibilities.

Before you get the wrong idea, let me clarify.

Now that we have taken that first step and made love for the first time does NOT mean that I am just going to jump into the sack whenever she, or I feel the need. I'm not gonna be some tease that only gives it up when I want to, but I'm not gonna be some cheap, dutiful girlfriend that puts out whenever she demands either. I'm not saying that things are different now, well, they are, but not so different that our whole relationship is gonna change.

I admit, some aspects of it will be different, like how far I'm willing to go now, but it will not be 'Screwfest 2004'. I refuse to let our relationship become about nothing but sex and getting off. I'm not saying that I think that's what Faith thinks or wants either. She waited this long, I know something like this is not gonna matter.

I do plan to make love to her often and in varied ways, but not every time either one of us feels that low down itch.

It may sound prudish and even a little inconceivable, but I don't want us to be like every other couple and turn to sex to solve everything. I still want it to basically be the way that it has been. I want us to talk and laugh and share, like we always have.

I want us to still be...us.

And I know she'll understand.

I place my fork on my plate and look over to see that in the matter of minutes that I have had my internal rant, Faith has licked her plate clean, literally.

"Ugh, Faith. I hate when you do that. You weren't raised in a barn you know."

I get up to place our plates in the sink and she swats me on the ass when I walk by.

"I know baby. I just like to make sure I don't waste any of it. It's a shame to let something so sweet go to waste."

I can't see it, but I know she's smirking. I smile.

"Ha ha...very funny."

I place the plates in the sink and I suddenly feel two strong arms encircle my waist. I let out a little gasp because I wasn't expecting it.

Faith leans into my ear and nibbles on it lightly.

"What do you say me and you go upstairs," she whispers lowly.

It takes me a minute to regain my composure. I shake my head and swallow.

"Ah...yeah. I'm really sleepy anyway."

She pulls her head back and looks at me kinda puzzled.

"That's another joke...right?"

Uh-oh. Here we go again.

I let out a sigh and turn to face her with her arms still around me lightly.

"Faith. I think we need to clarify something right now."

She gets this defensive look on her face and goes to pull away, but I grab her by the forearms and hold her in place. I look deeply into her eyes and silently plead with mine. She relents and relaxes back into my hold.

"I love you, and you know that. Tonight was...tonight was the most beautiful night of my life. You made love to me and it felt...it felt like I was in Heaven."

She smiles at me and kisses me gently. When she pulls away, it takes me a minute to remember what I was saying.

"But...but I don't want our relationship to turn into one big...Screwfest."

She chuckles at that one...I knew she would. I fight back the smile on my face and try to remain serious.

"I love you and I want to show you that I do. I just don't want that to become **all** that we do. I still want to go places, see things, walk on the beach, patrol together, talk, have fun and make love. I just don't want that last one to be first on the list...**all** the time."

I can see her processing all this at once. For a minute, she looks lost in thought and then I see that same familiar gleam in her eye. It's a gleam that tells me she understands and that she could never deny me. I could never deny her either.

"Okay baby. I see what you're saying. I don't want that to happen either. When we do make love...I want it to be when we are in the moment and it feels right. I don't want it to become an every waking moment thing either, cause that would cheapen what we have and it wouldn't be about our love any more. It would only be about the sex, and I never want that to happen to us."

See? I knew she'd get it. She always does.

I lean in and kiss her softly. We both let out a little moan and I pull her closer to me. Her tongue slips in my mouth and I let out a deeper groan.

Suddenly, I don't feel so tired anymore.

I know I just gave that long, sappy speech...but technically...I'm still a virgin. Tonight was about me losing my virginity and that hasn't happened...yet. I can't go breaking my promises, now can I?

"Faith," I whisper into her lips.

"Hmm?" she whispers into mine.

I snake my hand down around her stomach and rest it on her belt buckle. I give it a light pull and she breaks away from the kiss to look down at me with lust filled eyes.

"You know...technically...I'm still a virgin...and I **did** plan to lose my virginity tonight."

I look over at the clock on the wall and her eyes follow mine.

"It's already...10:45..."

I turn my head back to look into her eyes. I can almost swear she looks scared. I lean in close to whisper with a smile.

"I hope you can get it up really fast..."

I lean in even closer to whisper in her ear. I give it a little nibble first.

"Cause I plan on riding you until your eyes roll back in your head and you come so hard, you pass out from the force."

She lets out a deep groan and sweeps me up into her arms. I look up into her eyes all innocently and she smirks.

"Where did you get such a dirty mouth, hmm?"

I shake my head with a look of innocence.

"I don't know what you're talking about. There are no dirty mouths here."

Faith leans in and whispers really low in my ear.

"Speak for yourself."

Then she sucks on the sensitive flesh just below my ear and I can feel it start to rise in the pit of my stomach once again.

I'm so pathetic. She hasn't even touched me yet and I'm already burning up, or maybe that's just what a soul mate will do to you. Huh.

She looks deeply into my eyes and then kisses me softly.

"I love you Buffy."

I smile softly and run my fingers through her hair.

"I love you Faith."

And with that, she slowly walks out of the kitchen and starts up the stairs.

I lean my head on her shoulder and close my eyes as my love carries me to the place where she will claim my innocence, and my soul.

Forever.

Faith's POV

I can't fucking believe this.

I mean, I knew that I had been planning this day for like ever, but I never in my wildest of dreams EVER expected it to turn out like this.

I wanted this day to be about Buffy and how much I love her. I wanted to show her that there is nothing on this earth that means more to me than her and our love that we share. I even planned it out to that last moment on the beach. I mean, I didn't know for sure that she was going to have sex with me, but I am sure as FUCK glad that I decided to add that last little romantic picnic. I'm not so sure she woulda been so willing if I had gone with my original plan and asked her to have sex with me behind the hotdog stand at the zoo.

I'm glad I trusted my instinct on that one.

And now look where it got me. I'm currently standing outside my bedroom door with the most beautiful creature on the planet in my arms waiting for me to take her inside and make wild, hot, passionate love to her.

It so fuckin' rocks to be me right now.

I look down into her eyes and smile. This is the first time I've ever truly noticed just how deep a green they really are.

I could get lost in those eyes.

"Faith?"

But her hand on my cheek and the sound of her sweet voice pull me out of my daze. I shake my head to clear it and then reach forward. I push the door open and walk inside. I smile down at her as I slowly walk over to my bed and place her perfect body on the cool silk sheets.

I bring my lips down to hers as I slowly settle my body atop hers. She lets out a little moan and her thighs squeeze tighter around my hips, causing me to let out a moan of my own.

The girl's got some power in them legs. I can't wait to see how they feel against my bare skin as I'm thrusting deep inside of her...slowly bringing her to the edge...her bare skin against mine...her chest heaving with every deep breath...her light moans with every thrust...

"Fuck."

I'm turning myself on with just the thought of what's about to happen. I feel all the blood rush to my groin and I bury my head in her neck, inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo.

I turn my head and start to nip and lick lightly at the sensitive skin behind her ear. Then I start to trail a path of soft kisses around her neck and to her throat. I suck on her pulse point and her fingers tighten in my hair.

I raise my right hand from its place on her hip and I start to unbutton her shirt when I feel her hand on my wrist. I break away from my kisses on her sweet skin to look into her eyes. She gives me a soft smile and tenderly strokes her fingers through my hair as she pulls my hand from her shirt and places it on the bed next to her. She lets go of my wrist and brings her other hand to my face.

She pulls my head down and kisses me softly, letting out another light sigh as we break away.

Okay. She's starting to wig me out.

"B? Baby? What is it? You don't wanna anymore?"

She shakes her head and for a second I think that the only other action I'm gonna get tonight is in my dreams.

But then I feel her trail her right hand down my side, over my hip and to my ass. She gives it a hearty squeeze and I feel my eyes instantly slide shut.

"Buffy..."

She leans up and silences me with another kiss. Only this time, it's longer, deeper and way more passionate than the one before. When she pulls away, it takes a moment for my eyes to open again.

She leaves me breathless.

I look down into Buffy's eyes and she gets this mischievous little grin on her face. I pull my head back slightly and gaze down at her with uncertainty.

"What's going on in that brain of yours? Huh?"

She takes her hand off my ass and brings it up to play with the lapel of my shirt. She shakes her head with a light shrug and then I see her coyness turn to fear. I give her a little nudge with my hips.

"Come on baby...you can tell me anything."

Buffy lets out a deep breath and then looks up into my eyes. For a moment, her whole body is still and then I see her swallow hard as she struggles to find the words.

"Faith...I want to...I mean I need...I want us to..."

I give her the softest smile I can manage.

"It's okay B. Tell me what you want. I'll do anything."

She averts her eyes with a shy smile. So I nudge her again with my hips.

"Buffyyyy..." I tease with a coy smile of my own.

I dip my head to catch her eye. When she looks up at me I raise my eyebrow and smirk.

"I hope it's something reaaaaa-ly kinky...whatever it is."

She smiles shyly and then shakes her head.

"Not...not really."

Okay. I'm starting to get a little frustrated. I let out a sigh and lose the smile.

"Then what is it?"

Buffy looks at me from under her eyelashes and she darts her soft pink tongue out from her mouth to slowly wet her perfect lips.

Uh...okay then. Damn. I didn't know she could look so...sexy.

I watch her with anticipation as she lifts herself up to whisper into my ear. The feel of her hot breath against my skin and her lips against my ear send a shiver down my spine and straight to my groin.

I don't think it's humanly possible to be any more turned on than I am right now...

"Faith...I want to...to kiss you...down there."

Fuuucckkk.

I nearly cream myself right there from that one.

I shut my eyes tightly and feel the muscles in my abdomen tighten with arousal. I can feel all my blood rushing south and my heart starts doing double time.

Buffy pulls away from my ear to look into my eyes. She softly strokes my cheek as she gazes into my soul.

"Is that okay Faith? Can I show you how much I love you? Will you let me make you feel as good as you made me feel?"

I don't really know what to say, not that I can really speak at the moment. My throat is as dry as a keg at a frat party and as tight as...

Well, you get the picture.

"Faith? Baby? Say something...please."

She's looking up at me like she's afraid I'm gonna laugh in her face...or worse.

But instead I just let out a deep breath and push myself off her. I push myself up from the bed and stand at the end with my back facing her. My palms are sweaty and my knees are weak. I can feel my throat constricting and the sound of my heart pounding in my ears.

Oh, shit. I'm actually scared. For the first time in my life, I'm fucking terrified...and I don't know why. It's not like she just asked me for a kidney or anything...she just wants to...to...

Fuck. I can't even say it.

I close my eyes and let out another long, deep breath. I hear the sounds of the sheets rustling behind me and then the soft thud as her feet hit the floor. I can feel her presence right behind me, but I don't move a fucking muscle.

What the hell is wrong with me?

She lays a tentative hand on my shoulder, like she's afraid I might jerk away or something. When I don't, she places her hand on my hip and then walks around to stand in front of me.

I can feel her eyes on me and I slowly force mine open to meet hers.

She's terrified too. I can see it in her eyes and I can hear her heart nearly thumping out of her chest.

Well, she has a right to be scared, but why am I?

Then it suddenly dawns on me. This would be the first time that she is actually intimate with me, and that I would be the one on the receiving end. I would be the one feeling instead of giving.. and it scares the Hell outta me.

To totally be at someone else's mercy like that...for someone else to be completely in control...for Buffy to have complete control over what I think...what I feel...it just scares the shit outta me. I've always been in control, the one on the powerful end.

Can I really give her that kinda power over me?

Then she takes a tentative step closer to me and places both her hands on my hips. She looks up into my eyes and I gaze back deeply into hers...and I know that I can. The love and the passion I see behind her eyes tells me that I can give myself to her and that she'll take care of me...because she loves me and nothing else matters.

I manage a shaky smile and then I nod my head.

"Okay, baby. Do it. I'm giving myself to you completely. I...I trust you...with all my heart."

I reach up and place my hand on her cheek. I rub her skin tenderly with my thumb and gaze into her eyes.

"I love you Buffy. Nothing else matters to me...nothing."

She smiles at me and a single tear falls from her eye.

"I love you too Faith, and **I** trust **you** with all my heart."

I lean down and we share another tender kiss...but it soon starts to deepen. Buffy lets out a little moan into my mouth and I bury my fingers into her hair, pulling her lips roughly against mine. It's insane how bad she makes me want her.

I let out a deep moan as I feel her push her tongue into my mouth and start stroking my own. Her hands start to trail down from my hips and she runs them over my thighs before raking her fingernails back up along the insides.

I have to break away from the kiss to catch my breath. She takes that as an opportunity to latch onto the side of my neck. She kisses and sucks on my flesh, sending my head spinning.

Where the hell did she learn to do that?

When I feel her tongue snaking in my ear, I suddenly don't give a shit just as long as she keeps doing it.

I start to feel that same tugging sensation at my groin that I did on the beach. I barely manage to force my eyes open to look down. My breath starts to quicken when I see her hands working to undo my belt once again. Only this time, she's a little distracted and she can't quite get it open in this position.

She suddenly pulls away from her assault on my neck and the next thing I know she's got her hands on my abdomen, shoving me against the nearest wall.

Hard.

I hit it with such force that a picture falls off the wall and lands on the carpet with a thud. She leans in and kisses me hotly. I slam my head back against the wall and let out a deep groan. Every nerve cell in my body is on fire. I can feel them tingling from my head to my toes.

Buffy breaks away from the kiss and stares me down. The feral look in her eyes chills me to the bone and her tongue darts out to wet her lips once again. The moonlight from the window catches her face just right and her eyes sparkle at me through the darkness. She looks almost...predatory. Like a wild animal stalking its prey.

The room is only lit with the small lamp at my bedside, giving the moonlight against her face a luminescent glow. I can see her staring at me through the darkness, and it makes my heart pound, sending the blood rushing through my veins.

I'm about to open my mouth to tell her she doesn't have to do this, but my words are cut short as I see her slowly drop to her knees. Just the thought of what is about to happen is almost enough to make me come right here, but I wouldn't want to disappoint.

I turn my eyes downward and watch as she stares at my belt buckle like its foreign to her eyes. My Slayer hearing picks up the distinct sound of her taking in a deep breath and then slowly letting it out again. Then I watch as her trembling hands slowly rise to my belt buckle and unfasten it. She pulls it away from my body and then her fingers begin to work on the button of my leathers followed by the zipper.

Once she has my pants open, she takes in another breath and then she brings her eyes back up to meet mine. I smile down at her softly and bring my hand to rest on the top of her head, silently giving her permission to continue. She smiles back at me and then her gaze drops to my waistband once again.

Buffy lifts her still trembling hands and slowly starts to peel the leather back from my heated skin.

"Baby...baby...wait."

She looks up at me with that same look of fear in her eyes she had earlier. I just shake my head and smile.

"No, you didn't do anything wrong. I just thought it might be easier if...maybe you should take off my boots first."

I can see her process the information and then she lets out a relieved sigh. Her fingers go to work on the boot on my right foot and then my left. She pulls them from my feet and then my socks. She looks back up at me with more confidence than she has had all night.

"Good thinking baby."

I smile down at her and then I let out a tiny breath.

"That's what I'm here for," I say to myself in a whisper.

For a moment I think she might have heard me cause she suddenly stops all movement and is just sitting there on her knees staring directly at my groin. So I place my hand on the side of her face to bring her eyes up to mine.

"Buffy?"

She looks up at me and I can see the terror in her eyes and the tears she is so desperately trying to hold back.

"Oh baby," I say as I drop to my knees.

I pull her into my body and hold her tightly. I stroke her head tenderly trying to stop her tears.

"Baby, please don't cry. You don't have to do this if you don't feel comfortable. I'd never ask you to do something you don't want to do. It's okay. I understand."

Buffy pulls her head away from my shoulder and smiles at me through her tears. She shakes her head slightly and reaches up to stroke my cheek. I smile back at her softly.

"No baby. It's not even like that. I do want to. I want to so much...I'm not crying because I'm scared or because I don't want to...I'm crying because I love you so much and I can't believe you're with me here...now...like this."

I look at her with wide eyes and a disbelieving smile.

"Are you serious? You can't believe...Buffy, I go to sleep every night praying that I don't wake up to find this was all just a dream. You're so...perfect. Sometimes I can't believe you love me."

We both share a smile and a little laugh.

I really am getting into this mushy shit...but I love every second of it.

I let out a deep breath.

"Okay then. Now that that's out of the way..."

I pull myself to my feet and I'm about to fasten my pants back up when Buffy's hands suddenly come up to cover mine. I look down at her with a raised eyebrow and she just gives me that coy little smile.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Umm...okay.

"I was just...I just thought that...I figured you know that...I thought we would just go to sleep now?"

Buffy raises her eyebrow and slowly shakes her head, her smile firmly in place.

Ohhh...shit.

She reaches up and places her hands on my abdomen once again and gives me a shove, pushing me back against the wall once again. I swallow hard and drop my hands away. Buffy scoots a little closer on her knees and then her eyes drop to my waistband. She slides her fingers slowly down, dragging her nails across my skin sending my head spinning again.

Her fingers wrap around the top of my leathers and she starts to tug them down over my hips. I let out a little noise that I hope sounded like a moan as she peels them down my legs before pulling them from my body. Then she slowly starts dragging her fingernails back up the bare skin of my thighs and it feels ten times more intense than when she did it over my leathers.

The sensations she is causing inside me...I never knew I could feel.

My breathing increases and my eyes slide shut when I feel her fingertips working their way beneath the edge of my underwear. She pulls them from my hips slowly and without even thinking, I lift my feet for her to pull them from my body.

She places her left hand against my right hip and then ceases all movement. I somehow manage to force my eyes open and I look down at her.

She's right at eye level with my pussy and she's looking straight ahead. I suddenly become very self-conscious and for a second, I start to believe that maybe she's repulsed or disgusted or maybe she's about to barf...or worse...maybe its just me.

Then she slowly pulls her eyes up to mine and she smiles.

"God Faith...it's so beautiful...you're so beautiful," she says in a low whisper.

And then I watch as she slowly leans in and places a soft kiss on the very top of my mound. The moment her lips touch my skin, I'm sent spiraling out of my mind. You can only imagine what I feel when she slips her tongue between my lips to taste me for the first time.

I instantly feel a rush of wetness leave my center and flood into her mouth. I hear B let out a deep moan in her throat and then I feel her tongue on my clit, stroking it, massaging it tenderly.

I push myself back into the wall, laying all my weight against it. Buffy places her other hand on my other hip and really starts to lay into me. She runs her tongue over my clit, picking up speed with each stroke. I let out a low moan of my own and my hand comes down to gently run my fingers through her hair.

"God Baby...your tongue feels so...good."

She moans into my pussy and her fingers tighten around my hips.

I suddenly have a strong need to feel her inside me, but before I can voice my need, Buffy slips her tongue from my clit and buries it deep inside me. My hips fly up from the wall for a moment and I let out a loud moan.

My hips fall back against the wall and I pull her head closer to my pussy. Her hands slide around from my hips and latch onto my ass. She squeezes in rhythm with her tongue inside of me and I feel the sensation starting to build in my belly.

I'm about ready to pop when she does something I didn't think she knew how.

Buffy slips her right index finger between my ass cheeks to circle the tip of my hole.

I feel the orgasm explode inside of me. My legs start to shake and I clamp my thighs down around Buffy's head. She holds onto my ass and lets me ride it out against her face, and as I slowly begin to fall back down from my high, I feel her place another light kiss against my pussy.

I collapse against the wall and slide down to rest on the carpet. I struggle to get my breathing under control when I feel her move into my arms. I open my eyes and look over to see she is resting her chin on my shoulder just staring at me with those green eyes.

"Was that...good?"

I manage to smile through my heavy panting.

"I don't think there's a word for what that was."

She smiles back at me, happy at my response. She places her right hand on my belly and slowly strokes her fingertips over my skin. She gives little kisses on my shoulder and neck as she waits for me to regain my composure.

"Where...where did you learn to do that?"

I hear her giggle.

"I have my ways."

I turn my head to meet her eyes.

"Including that little thing at the end?"

I raise my eyebrow and I see a blush form over her cheeks.

"That was kinda a last minute decision."

She averts her eyes from mine and I let out a light chuckle. I kiss her forehead.

"Good decision. That was fuckin' hot."

She pulls her eyes up to meet mine.

"I thought you might...like that."

I raise my eyebrow and pull my head back with a smirk.

"Oh really? And why is that you think?"

She starts to blush again.

"Well because...because I thought...I thought it would feel...nice."

My smirk widens and she looks away averts her eyes from me. I reach out and place my hand under her chin, forcing her eyes back up to meet mine.

"It was better than nice. It was...Well, the only way to **really** know is to feel it yourself."

She smiles at me and the blush returns to her cheeks yet again. I'm a little confused for a moment and then the meaning of my words suddenly dawn on me. My eyes widen and I let out a deep breath.

"Oh no Baby! I didn't mean it like that! I was just thinking out loud. I didn't mean that I would...or that you..."

I watch as the smile slowly fades from her face and she suddenly looks like she lost her puppy.

"Baby? What is it?"

She averts her eyes again and her fingers come to a stop against my abdomen. I miss the touch instantly.

I sit there staring at her a moment before it dawns on me why she had the sudden change in expression. It just sounded like I wouldn't want to show her, but boy...she has **no** idea how much I really do.

I reach out and lift her chin, bringing her eyes to mine. I smile at her with my most gentle smile and her expression softens. I lean in bringing our lips a whisper away. I stare deeply into her eyes and in this moment, there is no one else alive but us.

"Let me show you," I whisper to her softly.

And then claim her lips in a passionate kiss.

Buffy's POV

After Faith kissed me, and copped a feel with a grin, I watched her as she gathered up her clothes and then went over to the drawer. She looked back over her shoulder and smiled at me before disappearing into the bathroom.

That was nearly ten minutes ago, and I'm starting to worry about her, but just a little.

Its not like I wasn't expecting this sooner or later. I mean, my whole plan for tonight was to lose my virginity, and I've already lost it in the technical sense of the word. This is just taking it to that next step.

I'm not scared. No really, I'm not.

Okay, maybe I am...a little.

I know that Faith would never hurt me, and I trust her with all my heart. I know I may not be very experienced when it comes to sex, but any moron knows that its not exactly easy to shove a huge...ahh...you know what I mean.

Its not that I don't want to...its just that I KNOW its not exactly gonna be the best feeling in the world.

At least...not right away.

After my very long and very detailed discussion with Willow about the finer joys of Lesbian sex...she decided to clue me in on the finer joys of the Lesbian sex...accessories.

And let me tell ya...she didn't hold anything back.

So you see, its not that the act itself scares me. In fact, I almost feel like a kid on Christmas. I can't wait to see what Faith got me...but I'm scared outta my mind that its not gonna be...my size.

I don't think I could stand to see the look in her eyes if I had to tell her no. She's been waiting for this night since...well since forever, and to be honest, so have I. Just the thought of feeling Faith that deep inside of me makes my heart flutter and my pulse race.

I mean, I know that its technically not really her, but it is. You know?

I doesn't matter to me that it won't be an actual real part of her in the physical sense, but there is no doubt in my heart that it will be all her behind it.

It will be her above me...her hands touching my skin. Her fingers gripping onto my thighs...my hips. It will be her mouth on my neck...on my breast. It will be her body pressed against every inch of mine...her sweat...her saliva mingling with mine. It will be her lips against mine...her legs tangled with mine. It will be her groin thrusting into mine...her cock buried inside of my pussy.

I don't care if its flesh or silicone...its hers...and that's all that matters to me.

Wow. Wasn't expecting that, but I do tend to get a little defensive when it comes to my girl.

Which brings me back to the current problem.

What the hell is taking Faith so long?

Faith's POV

I can't do this.

There is no fucking way in hell I can walk out there like...this.

I look down at myself and see the enormous thing sticking out between my legs and it suddenly makes me feel like the world's biggest freak.

It sure as fuck didn't look this big in the shop. I can just see the look on B's face right now if I was to walk out there like this. She'd laugh at me and tell me to take it and shove it up **my** ass...cause there ain't no way in hell its goin up hers.

Hmm...I wonder if she'd let me?

Fuck. What am I thinking? She ain't gonna let me near her with this thing on, much less...

"Faith? You okay in there?"

Her light knock the on door makes me jump and it causes the cock to bounce slightly. I can feel the reciprocating jar inside myself from the vaginal plug and it makes me groan in the back of my throat.

Fuck. This thing just **has** to be ultra sensitive too. Shit. I'm just destined to be screwed six ways from Sunday...ain't I?

"Ahh...ye...yeah B. I'm good." Fuck. Is that really my voice?

"Okay baby. I was just making sure. You've been in there a while. I was just worried, but you can...you can take your time. I'll just wait back on the...the bed."

I wait and listen for the sound of her footsteps as she disappears from the door and back into the room.

I turn back to face the mirror and let out a deep sigh. I run my hand through my hair and then pull up my leathers. I watch myself in the mirror as I fasten up the belt. I mean, I don't want to walk out there with the thing in my hand and say "Fuck it, bitch." I'm more than sure Buffy wouldn't be too pleased, and I probably wouldn't be fucking anything for a real long time.

So, I think I better take this one a little slowly.

I put my hand on the doorknob and I slowly pull it open.

When I look up, the sight across the room takes my breath away. Buffy laying in the middle of my bed, her golden hair splayed across the sheets, the dark black contrasting against the perfect hue of her skin...and she's naked, from head to toe.

I don't think I can breathe.

"Ah...you ah...you lose something?" I ask as I slowly make my way over.

Buffy looks around the room with an innocent look and a coy smile.

"Hmm...it appears that I have."

She looks me dead in the eyes and her smile turns to a sexy leer.

"It musta been the clothes demon. Tricky little thing."

She's leaning back on her elbows with her legs crossed, hiding her most intimate spot from my gaze, but that's the only spot. I can see every other luscious inch of her and if I didn't know better, I could swear I just felt my cock throb.

I finally make my way over to the bed and then I stop...frozen. I stand here and look down at her body, all words and any thought void from my head.

She smiles up at me and then pulls herself into a sitting position, which conveniently brings her right at eye level with my groin. I see her eyes flash to the front of my pants and then quickly back up to my eyes. She raises an eyebrow and then smirks.

"Well...let's see it."

Okay. That's it.

"Who are you and what have you done with my shy, virginy and not at all sexually adventurous fiancé?"

The look on her face quickly changes from seductive to annoyed. She folds her arms under her breasts...which really does NOT help my situation at the moment...and then raises both her eyebrows.

"Not at all...sexually adventurous? Well, please...tell me how you feel."

Uh-fuckin-oh. There goes that damn mouth of mine again.

I smile at her with my best grin and run my fingers through her hair.

"You know that's not what I meant. I meant...my very beautiful...very sexy...very lusty...very, very gorgeous and forgiving fiancé."

The look on her face tells me she ain't buying it. Oh well, time for plan B.

I quickly lean forward and capture her lips in a heated kiss. She lets out a surprised gasp into my mouth as she falls back onto the bed. I land on top of her and my hands instantly go to work on every piece of flesh I can find. If my mouth can't get me out of this one, maybe my hands will.

I grab onto her breasts with both hands and massage them roughly. I kiss my way down her neck and over to her right nipple. I pull it into my mouth and suck with all my strength. I can feel her buck her hips beneath me and I smile around her nipple.

She's letting out some serious moans and groans as I lavish her breasts with my lips, my tongue, and my teeth. When I feel that they can't take anymore, I kiss my way back up to her ear and nibble on it before whispering low...

"Forgive me?"

B bucks her hips into me again and lets out a strangled moan.

"Yes...oh God...yes."

I kiss her ear and squeeze her breasts again.

"Good," I whisper before nipping at the sensitive skin on her neck.

I place my mouth on hers and leave my left hand on her breast as I slowly trail the other one down between her legs. I instantly come into contact with her wetness and it makes me groan and the cock twitches again. I swear, I think this thing has a mind of its own.

I dip my finger inside of her and I feel her hard clit against my palm. I rub it softly and she moans into my mouth again. When I start to slowly ease my finger inside of her, she clamps her thighs around my hips and start to rub herself against me...and that's when she feels it.

She suddenly pulls back from the kiss and she looks up at me with wild eyes.

"Faith...baby..."

I look back down at her and I wish I could see inside her head. I wish I could know what she's thinking right now.

She smiles the sweetest smile I've ever seen and then she kisses me softly.

I feel her hands snake up and around my hips, her hands barely touching me. I jump suddenly when she grabs my asses and squeezes. I pull back from the kiss and she has that seductive smile on her face once again.

She leans up and pulls my bottom lip into her mouth, sucking on it slightly. She releases it and trails her tongue across my jaw, over my cheek and back to my ear. She bites it gently and then whispers softly...

"Stand up."

OH. MY. GOD.

She's not gonna...is she?

I don't think I could last if she is. I feel like I'm already about to pop, and she's barely touched me. It's fuckin sad really.

"Faith...I said...stand up."

Buffy's pushing at my hips and it breaks me out of my daze. I nod at her mutely and then stand up next to the foot of the bed. She sits up after me and keeps her hands on my hips. I rest mine on her forearms and look down into her deep green eyes staring back up at me.

"I love you Faith."

And then she smiles softly.

I choke back the lump in my throat.

"I love you too, Buffy."

She leans forward slowly and kisses my stomach through the thin fabric of my tank. The touch is so light and teasing, it makes me eyes close and my breathing increase. I'm so lost in the feel that I don't notice when Buffy pushes me back and gets on her knees before me. It isn't until I hear the sound of my buckle sliding through the loop and my zipper being pulled down that I snap out of it and look down at the Angel on her knees.

My Angel.

"Buffy..."

It's just a whisper, but it conveys everything I'm feeling.

She places her hands on the hem of my tank and pushes it up my abdomen. I take it as a sign that she wants me to take it off...so I do. She moans against my skin when her hands come into contact with my bare flesh.

She continues to kiss my stomach, across my abs and around my navel. She licks my skin and my muscles retract. She pulls away from me and she's breathing heavy.

"God baby...I love how hard you are."

The pun's not lost on me...or my cock apparently. It's almost like I can feel it coming to life, throbbing with anticipation.

This is fuckin' weird...but I'm so turned on that I don't care.

Buffy grabs the sides of my leathers and pulls down with all her might. I instinctively step back and let her pull them from my body. The only thing that's separating her from her prize are the black silk boxers I bought just for tonight.

She looks at them and smiles pleasantly. She runs her fingers over the cloth and I love the way it feels against the surprising sensitive skin of my thighs. I reach down and tangle my fingers through the silk locks of her hair and I pull lightly. Buffy moans and I feel a burst of her warm breath against the cock through my boxers.

Every nerve cell in my body is on fire. I feel like if she doesn't touch it soon, I'm just gonna melt.

I feel her fingers grip the top of the boxers and then the cold air against my groin. My whole body tingles and the hair on the back of my neck stands on end. I feel like I'm drugged.

The sudden sound of Buffy's gasp causes me to break out of my stupor to look down at her. She's looking at my cock with wide eyes, her lips slightly parted. She must feel my eyes on her because she slowly pulls hers up to mine. She licks her lips and swallows hard.

"Faith...its...it looks so...real."

I look down at it and I notice for the first time that it really does. A helluva lot realer than it did that last time I saw it. If I was still able to process logical thought, I might be worried, but at the moment all I can think of is how bad I want it inside of her. How bad I want her around it, pulling me inside her.

"Baby...please..."

I lightly nudge my hips toward her face and she nods at me as she licks her lips again. She slowly turns her attention back to my groin and I watch her as she slowly lifts her right hand and wraps it around the cock.

"Oh...G...God."

I didn't think it would feel this...real, but it does. Almost too real.

When I feel the flick of Buffy's tongue against the tip, I feel like my knees have suddenly turned to jelly and a sharp jolt of arousal shoots through my body. When she wraps her lips around it and pulls me into her mouth, I groan out loudly.

"Fuck Buffy...suck me."

She places her hands on my hips and starts to bob her head back and forth on my cock. My breathing starts to pick up and my heart pounds in my chest. The sensations I'm suddenly feeling are phenomenal.

My eyes roll back into my head and I suddenly lose what little grasp I had left on reality. Fuck. I could get use to this.

I suddenly feel cold air against my cock and I hear the sound of Buffy pulling herself to her feet. I open my eyes to see Buffy's staring right back at me. They are the deepest green that I ever remember seeing them. She places her hand on my cheek and pulls my lips to within a breath of her own.

"Faith...I want you inside me. Make love to me Faith."

Then she kisses me. Gentle and slow at first, but when I step forward and the head of my cock rubs against her pussy, she starts to kiss me harder, moaning into my mouth and tugging on my hips.

She steps back until her knees hit the bed, then she falls back onto it, pulling me down on top of her. Our hands start to wander each other's flesh.

I pull on her nipples, and she squeezes my ass. I kiss her neck, and she sucks on my ear lobe. We both moan into the darkness of the room. Our bodies begin to perspire and our hearts start to beat in sync.

Buffy wraps her legs around my hips and pulls me hard against her.

"Baby...put it inside."

I moan into her breast and slide my hand down between us. Her legs fall away from my hips and she bucks them up in anticipation. But instead of putting myself inside her, I decide to make her nice and wet first.

I start to play with her clit, rolling it between my fingers and pinching it lightly. I dip my finger into her pussy and spread her wetness around.

I want it to just slide right in.

I break away from my kisses on her neck to watch the emotions play across her face. Her eyes are shut tightly and she's gripping onto my hips with all she's got. I watch as her head slams back against the pillow when I put two fingers inside of her. It's a little rougher than I'd normally be at this stage, but for some reason I knew she could take it.

Once I feel like she's ready, I pull my hips back and place my hand on the cock. She slowly opens her eyes and looks up at me. I wait for her permission and I get it in the form of a soft, yet passionate kiss.

I place myself at her entrance and I close my eyes as I slowly slide it into her.

We both moan out at the sensation, and then I hear her light gasp of pain. I start to pull it back out of her, but she grabs onto my hips, stopping me. She shakes her head and pulls me down for another kiss. She starts to tug on my hips and I take it as a sign that she wants me to move.

I slowly start shallow thrusts into her. Buffy's nails dig into my back and my hip, causing me to moan out again.

I pull away from the kiss and place my forehead against hers. I look down into her eyes to make sure it's not too much.

"Are you okay baby?"

She nods and a shallow gasp escapes her throat. Her breathing starts to increase and I watch as her face changes with each thrust. I see wincing of pain and looks of pure ecstasy.

My thrusts into her start to pick up and I feel her squeeze the cock, pulling it deeper inside of her.

"God Buffy...baby...you feel so...so...good."

We both start to moan again, our hearts and our breathing starting to speed up. She grips onto me tightly and I hold onto her with all my strength.

The feel of her sweaty body slapping against mine...her thighs trembling around me...her lips against mine...being inside of her...her inside of me...it's too much.

I'm gonna come.

"Buffy...I'm gonna...I'm gonna come...now."

She pulls out of our kiss and shakes her head.

"Not yet baby. Please...wait for me. I'm almost...there."

I nod and kiss her again. I try to concentrate on anything...everything but coming. But I can't. The feel of her flesh against mine as I thrust into her, her deep breaths in my ear...I can't wait.

"Buffy...now."

She buries her fingers in my hair and screams out my name as her orgasm over takes her. I'm not far behind as I moan out her name and feel myself come inside her.

Over and over and over again.

I collapse on top of her and we are both breathing heavily. Our flesh sticks together and her heart beat resounds in my ears.

"What...what was that?" I hear her whisper.

I blink my eyes and try to regain my composure. I place my hands on the bed beside her head and slowly lift myself up. I stare down into her eyes and I see her soul staring out at me. I only hope she can see the same in my eyes.

I shake my head slightly as I lift my hand to wipe a sweat slicked strand of hair from her forehead.

"I don't know baby...but it was amazing."

She smiles up at me all soft and dreamy like.

"It was baby...it was."

I smile back at her and lean down and kiss her softly.

I pull away from the kiss and my smile turns to a grin.

"Now...about this ass thing..."

Buffy grins up at me and then slaps me on the ass. I let out a little growl and bury my face in her neck, kissing and lightly biting her flesh.

She squeals and giggles under me trying to squirm away. I grab her wrists and pin them down to the bed. I pull back from her neck and smirk down at her.

"Resistance is futile baby."

She raises an eyebrow and smiles sweetly. I watch as her tongue slinks out of her mouth to run over her lips.

"I guess I'll just have to find some way to distract you then."

The smile turns to a leer and she suddenly lifts her legs and wraps them around my hips, pulling me back inside her.

I let out a loud moan and I lean down to capture her lips.

Willow's POV

I slowly open my eyes and lean forward to blow out the candle. I smile as I look down at the pile of herbs spread on the blanket before me.

I get up and tuck the evidence away before slowly padding back over to the bed and climbing in with Kennedy. I settle in and push myself back into her embrace. She lets out a little moan and then kisses my ear. She places her arm around me and pulls me tightly against her.

"Where ya been?" she whispers sleepily.

I shake my head as I place my hand over hers.

"Just trying to decide what to get Buffy and Faith for their wedding."

She nuzzles my neck and then buries her face in my hair.

"Mmm...find something?"

I smile as I close my eyes and start to drift off.

"Yeah...but they won't get it for another nine months."

Buffy's POV

"You can't have them both."

I'm suddenly awakened by the sound of the raspy voice in my ear. I slowly open my eyes and turn my head to the side slightly. I see Faith's sleeping form above me and I can feel her slow and steady breathing against my neck. She's deep asleep.

That's weird.

I turn back over and snuggle down into her embrace before closing my eyes to fall back asleep.

"You can't have them both."

There it is again. Only this time it's slightly louder and much closer.

I sit up half way and Faith's arm falls away from my waist. She lets out an inaudible mumble and turns over in her sleep.

I run my hand over my face and try to clear my head. I let out a little sigh and I suddenly feel a cold chill run down my spine...and that's when I see...it.

In the far corner of the room, I can barely make out the figure of a woman wearing a black robe. She's just standing there, staring back at me through the darkness.

"You can't have them both. You must choose."

I squint my eyes in the darkness and try to make out a face, but it appears as though there isn't one, just darkness hidden behind the hood of the robe.

"What? Choose...choose who?"

The figure doesn't move, just slowly lifts her arm and a white light flashes before my eyes...

I'm suddenly standing in the middle of a graveyard, only I feel...older.

I spin around quickly at the sound of my name to see Faith fighting off two vamps and yelling at me to take cover...and to grab...Emma?

Who the hell is Emma?

That's when I hear a cry. It almost sounds like it's muffled...like it's far away, but not really. I follow the sound to a nearby crypt and slowly peek in through the door.

The breath catches in my throat and I'm suddenly overcome with a feeling of relief when I see the baby lying on the slab, crying.

Weird.

I take a step into the crypt and a vampire comes flying at me from behind the door, but before he reaches me, I hear the sound of his jaw crack and Faith steps up behind me, pushing me towards the baby.

"Get our girl...I got this bitch."

She grins with fury in her eyes as she charges forward and lifts the vamp up by his collar, throwing him across the room.

"You wanna take my little girl?"

She jumps on him, beating his head against the wall of the crypt.

"You wanna fuck with MY family?"

She lifts his bloody and broken face to hers. She grins and wipes the blood away that has splattered on her face.

"Big mistake."

I watch with fear in my gut as she lifts the vamp with one arm and pins him against the wall. She reaches around into the back of her belt and produces a large knife. She presses it to the vamp's gut and slowly starts to twist. A dark river of blood starts to flow from the wound and the smell of dead, rotting flesh suddenly flares my nostrils, almost causing me to vomit.

And its not just the smell. I've never seen Faith like this before...so cruel...so...un-Faith.

The baby's crying is getting louder, so I rush over and lift her into my arms. She nuzzles into my breasts and instantly stops crying.

Faith finally dusts the vamp and looks over at me with a smile. She tucks the knife back in her belt and walks over to me, wrapping her arms around my waist.

She looks down at the baby in my arms and then places a soft kiss on her head.

"Looks like someone's hungry," she says with a chuckle.

The Slayer meets my eyes and smirks.

"You gonna feed her or what?"

I'm sure the look on my face more than says it.

"Feed...? What?"

Faith motions towards the baby with a nod.

"Emma...you know those bastards didn't feed her. Looks like she took after me in that arena."

She shakes her head with a laugh and then meets my eyes.

"Well? Feed the kid already."

I don't know why, but on instinct I open my shirt and the baby instantly attaches itself to my breast. It starts to feed and makes quiet little grunts as it holds onto my breast.

Faith leans over and kisses her on her head and then kisses me on my temple. She lets out a sigh and leans her forehead against mine. She places her finger in the baby's hand and her little fingers wrap around it.

"You know...I was actually scared this time. I mean, I was scared all those other times too, but I was mostly just pissed...but for some reason, this time I actually thought we'd never get her back. These were smarter than the rest. It's never taken me three days to find 'em before. Damn. I must be getting slow."

Okay. The weirdness of the situation is not at all lost on me...but for some reason I have the dreading feeling of comfort...almost like I'm use to this or something.

I look up at Faith and she's smiling down at the baby.

"Faith?" I say in a voice I don't recognize as my own.

She brings her eyes to mine and waits.

"Who is this? Where is this...I mean...what happened?"

She looks at me like I've just said something incredibly stupid and I'm starting to get the feeling that maybe I did.

"You hit your head or something B? You know...this is Emma...our daughter. We're in a dark, dank and extremely rank smelling crypt at the moment...and this was me kicking the shit out of the dumb fucks who took our girl...again. I swear, this shit is getting old."

She lets out another sigh and keeps her gaze on the baby in my arms...which I now know to be our...daughter.

God. When the hell...HOW the hell did that happen?

Suddenly the white light starts to emerge again and the scene slowly fades away, bringing me back to my place in Faith's bed.

"That is how it will always be. If you stay with her...your child will forever be in danger."

I look over at the cloaked figure with my throat dry and my heart pounding in my ears.

"My...my child?"

I can make out the faint outline of the figure's nod.

"Yes. Yours and hers."

I look over my shoulder to see Faith sprawled out on the bed beside me.

"But...but...how?" I ask in a low whisper.

"The witch."

I turn my head back to face her as the realization hits me.

"Willow."

Again she nods.

"Yes...but it would have happened eventually. She only helped the inevitable. The Slayer must have an heir, so it is deemed...but evil will stop at nothing to destroy her."

The figure steps forward into the small strip of light shining in through the blinds on the far window, and that's when I see her scarred and mutilated face.

"Nothing."

The sight almost makes me vomit. The figure chuckles cruelly at the visible sign of my disgust.

"Yes. Take a good look. If you stay with her...this is the face of your child. A mutilated freak, an outcast...a monster."

She pulls the robe from her head and I can see where the scars run from one side of her face to the other and all down her neck.

"Do you really want that for your child? A life of pain...of feeling like a hideous monster...of one day becoming that monster. Well..."

She stares deep into my eyes, and I can see the years of pain and torment behind hers.

"Do you?"

And with a bright flash of light...she's gone.

I can feel my heart pounding in my chest, throbbing behind my eyes. My breaths are deep and heavy, my throat a constricted mess.

I slowly pull the covers back and place my hand gently on my stomach.

I knew it.

That thing earlier tonight...I felt it...I felt her.

When Faith...when she came inside of me...I knew something was wrong...but it was so very good.

And now...a child? A daughter...our daughter.

I look back over my shoulder at my lover's sleeping form. I trail my eyes down her body over her left hand resting against her chest, to her right hand resting by her side. Flashbacks of the moment in our future I just witnessed come flooding back. The images of her beating the vamp to a pulp...plunging the knife in his gut and grinning cause it excites her so...

Is that really the person I want to raise my child with?

I ponder the thought for a moment...when I hear her call my name in her sleep.

"Buffy..."

Such a deep and sultry voice that makes me literally drip when I'm aroused...but yet...soft and comforting when I need to feel safe, and she does...make me feel safe. So safe, so loved...and so home. Faith is my home...my life.

Could I really hurt her like that?

Could I enforce on her the greatest pain that a parent could ever know?

Can I really take her child from her without ever giving her the chance to be the father...the mother...that I know she can be?

And what about...Emma...I kinda like that...what about her? Could I really take the other part of her and dismiss it like it doesn't exist? Because Faith is the other part of her. I didn't do this all on my own.

Could I break both their hearts without even blinking an eye?

I hang my head in my hands and try to fight back the tears.

I'm so torn.

What am I supposed to do?

How can I keep Faith from her child? A child from it's mother...father...whatever.

But...if I stay with Faith...I know it will be just the way it was in the vision. I know that evil will stop at nothing to...destroy her, to make sure the Slayer's heir never sees a day of peace in her life.

Her life would be a living Hell...literally.

Faith rolls over in her sleep and reaches out for me, but when she only meets air, she instantly jerks awake and her eyes meet mine with a hint of fear.

"Baby? What is it?"

She lightly places her hand on my stomach...if only she knew...

I place mine over hers and bring her knuckles to my lips, placing a delicate kiss on the back each. I give her my best smile and shake my head.

"Nothing baby. Let's go back to sleep."

She nods sleepily and we lay back down, me moving into her arms.

As we lie there, her holding me close, breathing in each other's scents...I feel the tears quietly slipping from my eyes. I pull her strong arms tighter around me and I inhale her scent deeply, forever burning it into my brain. I want to remember her like this...in this bed...on this

night...in her arms. For I know what I must do, and even though it will break my heart, destroy our lives, and tear my world apart...it's for the best.

It has to be.

Faith's POV

I slowly open my eyes as the light of the morning shines in through the blinds, warming my face and alerting my senses to another day.

Another day with the woman I love by my side...for the rest of our lives.

The thought makes me smile and I reach over to pull her into me...only to be met with the coldness of an empty bed.

I sit up and let out a yawn as I call out to her.

"Buffy...baby? Where ya at?"

When I don't get an answer, I pull myself out of bed and sleepily walk over to the bathroom, but she's not there.

I somehow manage to stumble into some clothes and groggily make my way down stairs, but still know sign of my B.

The sweet aroma of eggs and bacon fills my senses and I smile as I race into the kitchen, expecting to see my girl cooking the best breakfast known to man, only to be met with another empty room.

The light refracts from the glass of apple juice sitting on the counter and it catches my eye. I slowly walk over and see a plate of food sitting in front of the glass...and an envelope propped up beside the glass.

I reach out and touch the eggs, finding them stone cold.

I bypass the plate, for once, and grab the envelope.

I slowly pull out the letter from inside and fall back into the nearest chair as I start to read the words in my head...

"Faith,

I know that by now, you have probably figured out that I'm not there. I'm sorry that you had to wake up like that. You don't know how much I wanted to wake up in your arms..."

I take a deep breath and keep reading...

"...but I knew that would only have made this even harder. If you can imagine that. I also know by now that you've probably figured out what this is..."

Oh God...please...no.

"I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am that it has to be this way. I can't tell you how badly I wish I could have just married you, lived our lives of loving...living for each other...happily ever after. I wanted that so much..."

I feel the tears welling up behind my eyes.

"...but I couldn't. I can't tell you why. I wish I could...it breaks my heart to know I can't. I love you, Faith. I love you so much...it makes my heart ache and scream with joy all at once. You were my knight in shining armor when I needed you to be...you were my protector, my lover, my friend. You were and forever will be...my heart."

You're mine too B...and I feel you breaking.

"I'm sorry Faith. I'm sorry for the pain that I know this will cause you. I'm sorry for the nights that you'll lay there...wondering what you did wrong...what you could have done...but the truth is, nothing. On both counts. Please...please believe me when I say...this is the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. I'll always love you Faith. Until my dying day...and beyond. Please don't hate me."

I watch as a tear slowly falls from my eye and lands on the paper, slightly smudging the letters.

"I'll miss you forever, and I'll cry for you every night. But please, don't wait for me...we both know it will be for nothing. Please...be happy. Love. Live. Good bye Baby. You're in my heart...always."

I trail my eyes down to the closing.

"Yours forever, Buffy"

Beside her name is a heart with a stake piercing through it. Just like the one I drew on the window when we were juniors...on the first night I told her I loved her.

Only this time...the heart is breaking in the middle where the stake is protruding out and the irony is not lost on me at all.

I lift the envelope up and the engagement ring that I gave Buffy slowly rolls out and lands in my hand.

I just sit there for the next few moments, gripping the letter in my hand and staring down at the ring in the other.

Soon, the agony and realization of the moment set in...and I lose it

Kye – Losing It

I suddenly bolt up with a rage I've never felt. My fists come down on the counter, smashing it in two...the food and broken glass going everywhere.

My fists are bleeding, but I just keep pounding the broken debris...tears burning my eyes...her words burning my heart.

I eventually stop and just collapse into a fit of deep, shaking sobs. I fall back against the broken and busted counter, the pain overwhelming.

I grip the letter tightly to my heart as I sit there in my kitchen, crying and broken.

I raise my palm to my eyes and see that the ring has embedded itself in my hand. With a painful wince and howl, I pull it from my flesh and throw it across the room.

I sit there, staring at it as the light refracts from the diamond, nearly blinding my tear filled eyes.

I clutch the now blood soaked letter tightly to my chest as I try to calm down.

When I finally do...I can't move. I can only sit here and stare off into the nothingness that is now my life.

Broken...and alone.